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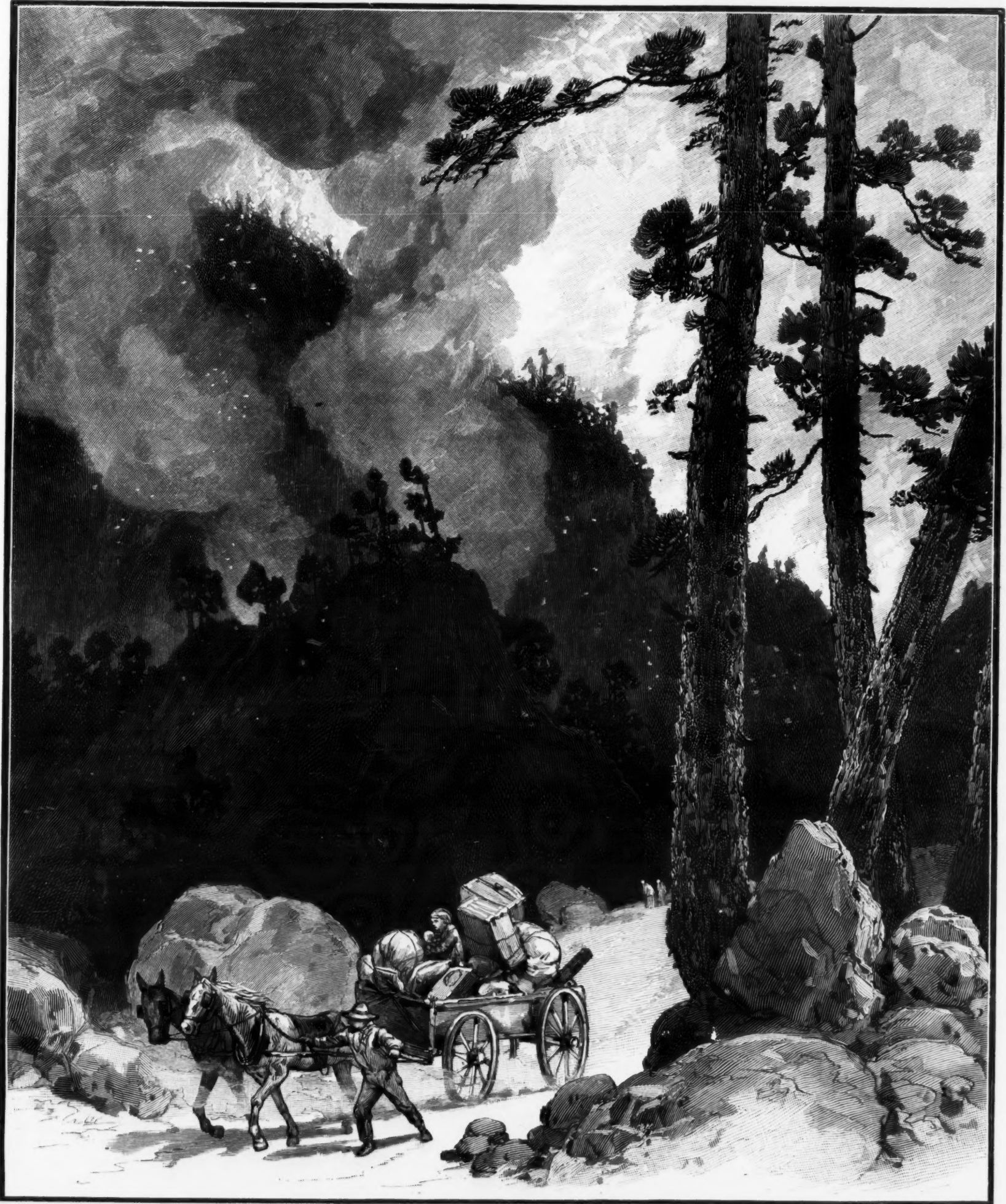
# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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THE DISASTROUS FOREST FIRES IN MONTANA.—GREAT DESTRUCTION OF VALUABLE TIMBER—SCENE IN BOULDER CAÑON.  
DRAWN BY JOSEPH BECKER.—[SEE PAGE 30.]



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

110 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

W. J. ARKELL.

RUSSELL B. HARRISON.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 17, 1889.

THE contributed article to next week's FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY will be one of the most interesting that we have so far printed. The subject will be "The New Church Movement," and it will describe the rise and progress of that remarkable church organization known as the "Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor." The contribution will be from the pen of Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, of Albany, one of the most eloquent and distinguished clergymen of the capital city of this State. The marvelous growth of the new religious movement among the young people of the Protestant churches, without regard to denominational lines, is one of the religious phenomena of the times. This contribution must attract general attention.

"WHAT A RABBI THINKS OF JESUS."

THE article with this title in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER of to-day has been read with great interest. Its author is in position to know the state of affairs among his co-religionists, but will admit that those who are not Israelites may feel free to examine his reasoning upon ancient or modern facts.

Exercising that freedom, at the request of the editor of this journal, I venture to point out what seem some mistakes in the article. This is done with deference to the learned rabbi, and with great regard for Israel. There has never been a moment of my life in which I have been conscious of the slightest anti-semitic prejudice. On the contrary, I have always cherished a great regard for the indestructible people. They have more ground for claims to aristocracy than any other people on the face of the globe. Who are they that demand respect from the fact that their fathers "came over" with the Conqueror, when compared with men and women who can trace their descent in unbroken lineage to him who came out from Ur of the Chaldees? No purer strain of blood runs in mortal veins than that which flows in those who have kept themselves from all the contaminations of race mixture. No beauties have shone on mortal eyes more brilliant than maidens and matrons whose physical aliment has always been *kosher*. No race has exhibited more genius in every department of intellectual superiority than the children of Israel, and neither Latin nor Greek, nor any order of mind, has been so potential over the civilization of mankind as that of the race which produced Moses and David and Isaiah and Paul and Jesus. If I thought I had a drop of Hebrew blood in me, I would cherish it and be prouder of it than of any other blood that could warm my heart.

So, nothing I say must bear the interpretation of disparagement to Israel, while I note what seem to me mistakes in the article of Rabbi Krauskopf.

The rabbi brushes aside unceremoniously the "miracles of history," thus doing despite to all that Jehovah did for his fathers in Egypt, at the Red Sea, and in the desert, great things which his ancestors were proud to remember. He insists that we must "trace effects to their natural causes." Supposing himself to be pursuing this course, he finds two causes for the indestructibility of Israel, namely, the Messianic hope and the rise and growth of Christianity.

But he abandons the scientific method immediately. The cause must be able to produce its effect; that is an elementary scientific principle. Is the Messianic hope sufficient to produce the most wonderful national phenomenon known to history? Suppose we grant it; we are pushed only one step further back. The question then arises, *What produced the Messianic hope?* How did it come to be so deeply imbedded in the nature of Israel, so inwrought with all its hopes and aspirations, such a powerful stimulant of all its mighty intellect, and, as the rabbi asserts, so preservative of its indestructibility? After claiming such stupendous effects from such an ineradicable hope, it takes one's breath away to hear the rabbi declare that it is "a false, unfounded hope!" Then, a "false, unfounded hope" has done more for one race than all the highest hopes, the loftiest thoughts, the most ardent ambitions have been able to achieve for any other people in the history of the world!! Is this the scientific method?

The writer then proceeds to account for the rise of this false hope, which has been more potential than many a truth. But he begins too low. The source is not midway down the stream. When we take up the work of the Hebrew *N'biim* shortly before the Babylonian captivity, we find that all they did was to modify, enlarge, and apply the promise of a savior

whose coming was founded on a promise not only as old as Israel, but as old as the race. A whole column is occupied with mere surmise, put with ingenuity, but having no sufficient historical basis, and probably not to be satisfactory to one in ten of thinking, cultivated Israelites in the present day who have read their prophets devoutly. For the theory therein set forth represents a people of such low intellectual and moral characteristics that they have not deserved to survive the ages, on the hypothesis of "the survival of the fittest," or any other respectable scientific hypothesis—a people who could be misled by prophets who were not able to "keep within the bounds of reason," but whose "fancy ran riot" and drew the people of Israel into believing the wildest things. And the great fact of Israel's indestructibility rests largely on their belief in "un-Jewish conceptions"!!

The second ground on which the writer puts the indestructibility of Israel is the rise and growth of Christianity. He says that Christianity was an "enemy" to Israel, "seeking to crush the source from which it sprung." Did Jesus seek "to crush the source from which" He "sprung"? Did the Apostles? Does modern Christianity? If so, how? Could there be any Christianity without Judaism? Are not Christian authors as alert and as energetic in maintaining the genuineness, the authenticity, and the divine authority of the Hebrew Scriptures as of the New Testament? In this earnest work do not many of them exhibit as much learning and ability as Jewish scholars? The rabbi gives a sketch of Jesus, whom he seems to regard as a native of Nazareth on the principle that a certain Roman must have been born in Africa because he was called and called himself Scipio Africanus. At any rate, he affirms positively that "He (Jesus) was not born at Bethlehem." The rest of the sketch is of like character, and the Evangelical is represented as a biography rewritten to meet the requirements of the prophets, and so forth and so on. Very well. For argument's sake let us admit all that the rabbi claims; but let us not be unscientific. He says it is "a strange freak of history" and the indestructibility of Israel is due to "a false, unfounded hope on the one side, and on the other side an enemy seeking to crush the source from which it sprung." A freak of history! Is a combination of the two most conspicuous, most sublime, most notable things in all human history "a freak"? Then, pray, let us know what there is in history which is not a "freak." Why do not millions this day worship that Messiah who, just before the time of "Joshua ben Joseph of Nazareth," collected a force to fight Rome, and who had whatever power comes to a man from being crucified? Why do not millions worship that Egyptian Jew Theudas, who had like ambition and met the same fate?

No; this is our problem. On the known laws of thought we are to account for the existence and present state of Christianity. Its Founder arose, as the rabbi admits, in a time when there were many false Messiahs. His people had had for centuries a carefully-preserved sacred literature containing many promises which gave the indices of the true Messiah. This Jesus, as the rabbi admits, led a spotless life, and preached a lofty, ethical doctrine, urging men to "concern themselves more with the religion of the heart than with the dead letter or meaningless forms." His "life" was exemplary, his "doctrine" was "pure." He kept free from all cabals and intrigues. He did not concern himself with sectional or imperial politics. He taught his followers to render unto Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's. He paid taxes to support a government of force. He professed to have existed before the world began. He professed to be equal with God. If that was not the truth it was blasphemy. Being a Jew, the Jews would have given him capital punishment for that blasphemy if the power over life had not been taken from them by the Roman Empire. As it was, they trumped up a charge of treason, for which he was examined by Rome's representative and declared innocent. He was, however, sent to crucifixion by a time-serving governor, to appease a tumultuous mob and avert an insurrection. He was buried; the third day he arose from the dead as he had predicted. *The resurrection of Jesus from the dead* is the one fact of history which is more capable of proof, according to evidence admitted in courts, than any other asserted event represented as occurring eighteen centuries ago. Nothing in Tacitus or Livy or Herodotus is so susceptible of proof. This is not merely my opinion, but the opinion of very many of the best minds of the last five centuries. And for

eighteen centuries men have more and more discovered how marvelously "Joshua ben Joseph of Nazareth" has fulfilled, on a large scale and in minutiae, the predictions of the Messiah made by the prophets of his people. This has ripened many of the most gifted Israelites of this century into Christians, for a true Israelite is a Christian in the bud, and a true Christian is an Israelite in the bloom.

All down the centuries the power of Jesus, founded on the belief in his resurrection, has increased, and never so much as while science has been growing. To-day a Jewish rabbi tells us that the Jews, those who are orthodox and those who are not, unite in admitting that he "lived divinely"; to-day he has the worship of the rulers of thought and the treasures of merchant princes; to-day thousands of men are dying happier for him, and millions of men are living better for him; and every day in the last year at least two houses have been erected in our own land alone, to be dedicated to his worship. And he was crucified eighteen centuries ago!

Now, how are you to account for this? It will satisfy no thoughtful human mind to say that he has this power because

"Jesus was the human man who lived divinely,  
Not the divine man who lived humanly,"

for that is not true. He *claimed* to be the "divine man." That claim was valid or baseless. If valid, he was "the divine man who lived humanly." If baseless, it is an insult to the human understanding to say that he "lived divinely." He claimed to be God's equal, and died in the belief and for the belief that he was God's equal. If he was sincerely mistaken in that, he was a lunatic. How can a lunatic be said to have lived divinely?

It seems absurd to deny that Jesus was a divine person, and yet talk sweetly and patronizingly and eulogistically of him. "Joshua ben Joseph of Nazareth," commonly known as Jesus, was a *divine person*, or he was *crazy*, or he was *wicked*. There is no fourth supposition possible consistently with the known laws of mental action. If he was not a transcendent fool or a stupendous knave he was a divine person. If he was not a divine person, then the best intellects of the ages have been increasingly brought under the power of one who was a knave or a fool. When we undertake to "trace effects to natural causes," as the rabbi says, we shall scarcely be willing to allow that to a fool we owe the world's intellectual progress, and to a knave the world's greatest advancement in ethical and spiritual culture.

Charles F. Deems

July 27th, 1889.

HASTENING THE CRISIS.

THE recent seizure of the British sealer *Black Diamond* by the United States revenue-cutter *Richard Rush*, for illegal fishing in the Behring Sea, and the employment of force to secure the ship's papers, will, no doubt, bring to a crisis the long-protracted fishery complication between the United States and Great Britain.

Nothing requires more time for its settlement than a complication regarding treaty rights. Both parties to such a contest, when it is between first-class Powers, always approach its discussion with reluctance and deliberation. It is a very different matter, however, where the rights of a minor Power are involved. Then the stronger nation does not hesitate to make its demand and insist upon strict compliance at the cannon's mouth.

It is a singular fact that, while the British sealer *Black Diamond* has been seized for violating Section 1956 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, which imposes a penalty for unauthorized sealing within the limits of "Alaska Territory and the waters thereof," no definition of the boundaries of these waters has ever been laid down judicially, or in the stipulations of any treaty. So that perhaps the sharp contention which may now be expected, will result in a satisfactory solution of a vexed question. Such a solution is to be expected rather than a resort to violence on either side.

During Mr. Cleveland's Administration, and especially during the pendency of the fishery negotiations, the seizures of British and Canadian fishing-vessels in the Behring Sea were discontinued, it was said under instructions from Secretary Bayard, though this assumption met a half denial; but the



present Administration was directed by Congress, before the close of the recent session, to protect the seal fisheries, and the President accordingly issued a proclamation warning intruders of their danger. The seizure by the *Rush* was made in conformity with an act of Congress approved by President Cleveland, and a proclamation subsequently issued by President Harrison. It now remains to be seen how far the exclusive privilege to the seal fisheries of Alaska granted to the Alaska Commercial Company extends, and how far the line surrounding the seal fisheries can be drawn out into the Behring Sea and the Pacific Ocean.

When the Russians, sixty-five years ago, endeavored to exclude American fishermen from the Behring Sea, on the ground that its waters belonged to Russia as the owner of Alaska, that claim was successfully combated by the United States; and from that time until the purchase of Alaska and the organization of the Alaska Commercial Company, the claim that Behring is a closed sea was never strongly made or insisted upon. How far it is a closed sea, and how far the purchase of Alaska and all of Russia's assumed territorial claims on land and sea may curtail the privileges of foreign seal fishermen, is a question that should now be settled. The aggressive talk of the Canadian press, and of some English newspapers, indicates that a demand will be made for reparation and redress with such urgency that the fishery dispute must speedily be brought to a crisis.

#### CARELESS LEGISLATION.

**D**URING the session of the Legislature of New York, last winter, an abortive effort was made to pass a bill forbidding the sale of dressed meats in this State. A State inspection bill was offered which required that all cattle intended for sale should be inspected in this State before the meat was marketed. Its object was to prevent the sale of Chicago dressed beef. Every lawyer with any knowledge of law knew perfectly well that such a law could not stand the tests of the courts, but a powerful lobby insisted on the passage of the bill, and would have succeeded had it not been opposed by influences equally puissant and persuasive.

But several other States passed the dressed-beef law, notably Indiana and Minnesota, and in both of these it has already been declared unconstitutional. It is interesting to note the reasons that have governed the courts in making this decision. In the Indiana court Judge William Johnston, of Porter County, ordered the discharge of the dealer who had been fined for selling beef that had not been inspected while on the hoof by the State inspectors. The judge says that the State has a right, by an act of the Legislature, to refuse to admit to her markets meats which are unfit for human food, and she may take such steps as are necessary to ascertain whether or not the meats are harmless. "But," he adds, "no declaration, however solemn, and no protest, however suspicious, will authorize her to exclude a product which is pure and harmless." Judge Johnston declares that it is unconstitutional to attempt to exclude a commercial product in advance, without examination to ascertain its condition.

In Minnesota Judge Manwaring discharged a farmer who sold uninspected dressed meats in Stillwater, the judge holding that the State law was unconstitutional, inasmuch as it infringed on the domain of Congress to regulate commerce between States. In their final analysis the decisions in both instances were based on analogous principles of law; they were also based on justice and equity, and with these decisions we presume similar laws passed in other States will quietly fall into "innocuous desuetude."

Contemplating this matter, the good citizen must feel a sense of mortification at the thought that a Legislature, embracing presumably in its membership lawyers at least of average ability, should permit the passage of an act like the dressed-beef law, the unconstitutionality of which was apparent at first glance. But until the public rises to rebuke the ignorant, careless, or corrupt legislator, we may expect to have other exhibitions of cowardice and servility on the part of our law-makers. It would be well if thoughtful citizens would make it their business to defeat every legislator who belittles himself by yielding to the threats or the promises of demagogues, labor agitators, or monopolists who may demand legislation clearly opposed to common sense as well as to the professed theory of the constitution.

#### SWITZERLAND AND GERMANY.

**T**HERE does not seem to be, at first sight, any reason why Germany should seek to trouble the Swiss Republic for a matter so entirely laudable in itself as the expulsion of a spy; and to those who study the subject for a little while it becomes plain that the real crime of Switzerland is her geographical position. Nature and the political complications of Europe have so arranged it that Germany and France and Italy are kept apart in a measure by the territory of the republic, which has a frontier toward each of her great neighbors. On the Franco-German and the Franco-Italian borders, the fortifications and the obstructions have been multiplied on both sides, until it is felt that to attack on the one side or the other would be to waste time and lives in vain. If war comes, the belligerents must reach each other through neutral territory, Swiss or Belgian; and for Germany, proposing to invade France, the road through Switzerland is preferable because it can be made in co-operation with an Italian army. It is known, also, that the Swiss have French sympathies, even more pronounced than those of the Belgians, and Germany would be glad to punish these mainly-Teutonic people, who persist in liking the French, and in cherishing their

freedom. The roads through Switzerland present no serious difficulties to modern armies, and it is understood that the German and Italian troops will occupy them at once on the outbreak of hostilities.

The Swiss are already putting their house in order to meet the danger, for, numerically weak though they are, they mean to fall like men, with swords in their hands. One consolation they have; they will not be crushed as Denmark was in 1864. The invasion of Switzerland will be the signal for the continental war that every Power in Europe anticipates and dreads. It will not come, of course, while the Emperors and the Kings are visiting each other, and making yacht voyages and looking at naval reviews; but there is significance in the articles that are permitted to appear in the German papers. The proposition of the Hamburg *Nachrichten* for the partition of Switzerland among her neighbors—the lion's share going to Germany—cannot have originated with that journal. Such plans are put forth as feelers, to be disavowed if need be, but there is a serious purpose behind them, and no man can say, in the present condition of Europe, at what hour one of them may be taken up as an openly-avowed line of policy, to be carried out by force.

#### TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

**R**ECENTLY a wife-beater was whipped in Maryland, and now we hear that a man has been flogged at Toronto, Ontario, for assaulting a little girl. While the barbarism of the whipping-post shocks the moral sense of every intelligent man and woman, still it must be confessed that one cannot avoid experiencing a sense of pleasure that its barbarism is confined to those who well deserve it, wife-beaters and villains who betray childish innocence. The whipping-post seems too good for such. It is fairly a choice between it and the gallows.

**A**FTER a troublesome, and, no doubt, expensive experience, the Chicago *Times* has emerged from its difficulties and been placed under the management of a newspaper man of wide experience and splendid capacity, Mr. Joseph R. Dunlop. The new editor-in-chief was for many years connected with the *Times* during the palmy days of Mr. Storey's administration, and is probably better qualified than any other man to supervise the trust confided to him. Under Mr. Dunlop's control we may expect a speedy return of the *Times* to its former prosperity.

**R**EFERRING to the insistence of the Chicago papers that the World's Fair of 1892 should be held in that city, the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* remarks: "Chicago is in the contest chiefly for advertising purposes. If the location of the Kingdom of Heaven were about to be changed a Chicago drummer would be at the pearly gates in twenty-four hours offering inducements, although it is well known that Chicago's natural resources fit her for headquarters antipodal to heaven." This, to say the least of it, is not calculated to diminish the coolness already existing between the rival Western cities.

**T**HE devices of the swindler in large cities are innumerable, and his audacity beyond measure. Recently a prosperous citizen of New York, Mr. John Ireland, was knocked down in the street by a passing wagon, and was promptly assisted, by a well-dressed stranger, to the Chambers Street Hospital. After the patient had recovered from the swoon in which he had fallen the stranger friend was missing, and so were Mr. Ireland's watch and deeds to property valued at \$43,000, which he had in his possession when the accident occurred. A bolder case of robbery was never reported, and it does not stand to the credit of the hospital where it occurred that it escaped the detection of its medical staff.

**EX-SECRETARY WHITNEY** has published an emphatic denial of the rumor that a new weekly newspaper is about to be established in Washington in his interest as a candidate for the Presidency. He says: "I am not and shall not be a candidate for the nomination to that office, nor to any other. There are men in the Democratic party much better entitled to its honors than I am, and I expect to help the best man to win." The ex-Secretary is no doubt sincere in the declarations here made, but it does not follow that he may not be called upon to serve his party in another capacity. It has happened before now that ways have been found to overcome the reluctance of persons whose services have been desired in a partisan or public relation.

**T**HERE is material for a story rivaling in interest that of Robinson Crusoe in a report recently made to the Treasury Department at Washington by the collector of customs at Mobile, Ala. He recites that the American schooner *Anna*, on departing from the guano-beds in the vicinity of several islands near Yucatan, found itself short of provisions, and was obliged to leave three of the crew on one of the islands with the promise that they would be sent for shortly, a promise which has not been fulfilled. As the captain left only one barrel of beef, four barrels of flour, and a bag of white beans and peas for the sustenance of the three men, and as the island that they occupy is uninhabited, entirely barren, and out of the track of navigation, the Government was asked to take some means for their relief, and has complied with the request. It is certainly a service of humanity, but it is a service for which the owners of the schooner *Anna* should be compelled to pay.

**I**NNOCENT men have been convicted and hung on purely circumstantial evidence. Every lawyer who defends a criminal against whom only circumstantial evidence is offered, can cite, and usually does cite, before the jury a number of instances to prove that the innocent too often have been found guilty. A recent notable case in Chicago will add to the number that have been cited in the courts. A man, James W. Smith, was found guilty of a heinous assault upon his own daughter. He was sentenced to nine years in the penitentiary, and immediately startled the court by declaring his innocence and stabbing himself almost to the heart. His wife, who had been the chief witness against him, horrified by the act of her husband, made confession to the presiding judge that her testimony was false, and that the diabolical plan to send her husband to the penitentiary

on a false accusation was prompted by a desire to obtain a divorce. Of course, the presiding judge instantly set aside the verdict on the ground of conspiracy, and the convicted man, if he recovers, as seems probable, will be free as soon as he can leave the hospital. The incident aptly illustrates the danger of accepting the testimony of members of a family against their own blood relatives, except in cases involving such deliberate scoundrelism as would naturally dissipate every sentimental feeling and sunder all ties of relationship.

**T**HE authorities of Louisiana are at length making a vigorous effort to break up the gangs of regulators who have for years defied the laws of the State. It will be remembered that some months ago these regulators stopped an election in the Parish of Lafayette, and drove the negroes and some of the whites from the polls under menace of violence and abuse. More recently these same ruffians engaged in the sport of breaking into a jail and seizing and hanging a prisoner. The sheriff of the county, finding that the community sympathized with the lynchers, appealed to the Governor for help; and that official promptly sent to the scene three companies of militia, under whose protection eighteen of the regulators were arrested and lodged in prison. It is understood that they will be tried on a charge of malicious murder, and if they shall be convicted, as they probably will be, there can hardly be a doubt that the domination of the men who have so long defied the authorities will be effectually and finally broken.

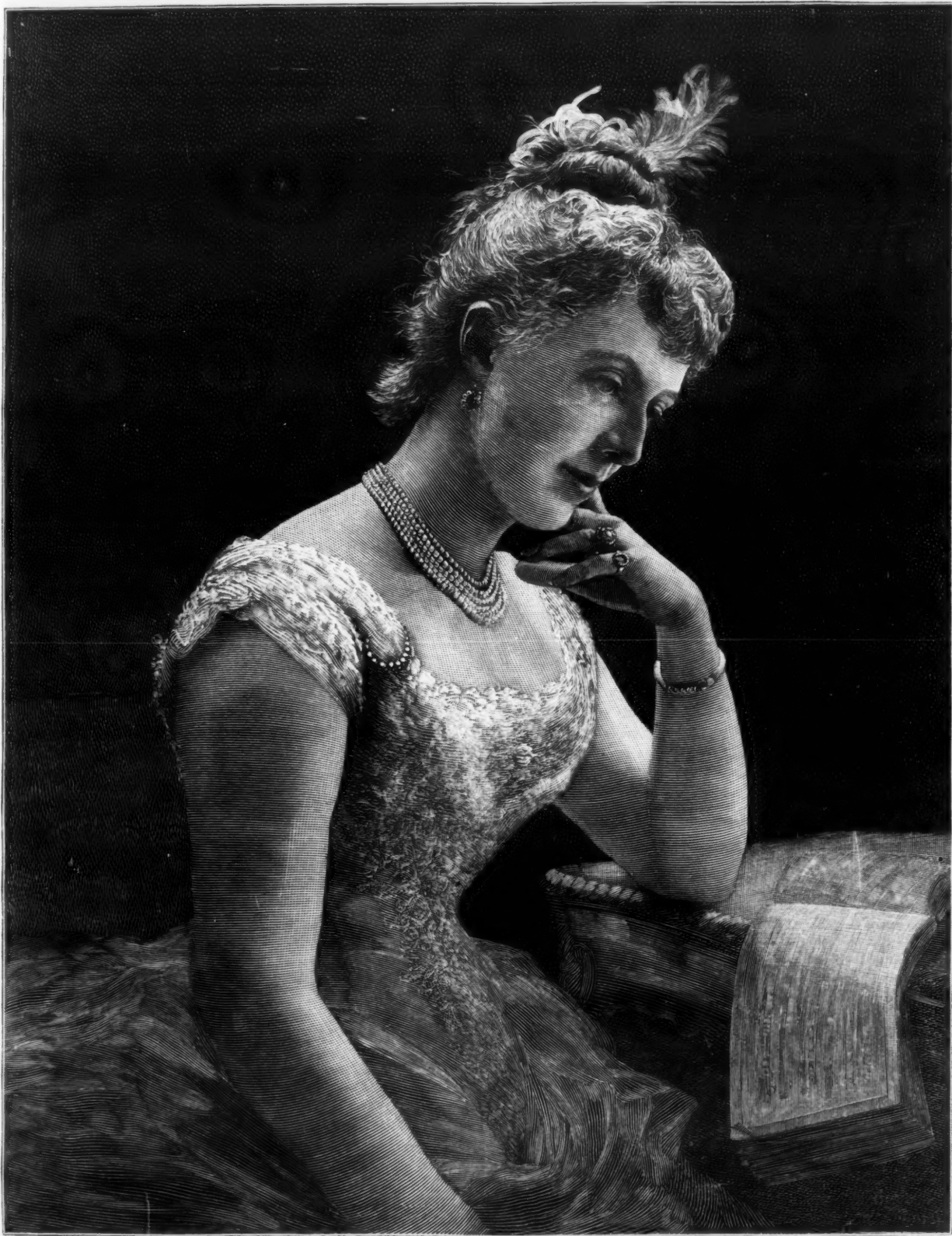
**T**HE injection of young blood is always beneficial to large corporations, and when Mr. H. Walter Webb, Vice-President of the Wagner Car Company, was recently elected a Vice-President of the New York Central, and intrusted with some of the most responsible duties of its management, the good effect of his appointment was at once seen. Patrons of the suburban traffic of the Hudson River and Harlem roads have noticed the recent superb additions to the rolling-stock. On these short runs the new equipment just being put in at an expense of about \$500,000 makes it unnecessary to employ the drawing-room service, for each of the coaches is perfect in all its appointments. The fixtures and trimmings are of solid mahogany, the roofs are of the latest modern well-ventilated style, matting lies upon the floor to protect the ladies' dresses, and there is a harmony about the decorations and trimmings characteristic of all the work of the Wagner Company. The work of equipping the suburban runs of the Central with these cars is nearly finished, and the patrons will thank Vice-President Webb for his enterprise and thoughtfulness.

**T**HE sort of juggling that was performed before Millet's "Angelus" was sold at the Secretan sale raised a doubt as to the genuine character of the transaction. It looked very much as if an effort was being made to advertise the picture as a work of extraordinary merit, simply for the purpose of benefiting the buyer. Recent developments indicate that this conclusion was not far from correct. A number of prominent painters, including Meissonier, Gérôme, and Bougereau, have not hesitated to say that they think the "Angelus" brought an extravagant price, and that its sale was a bit of clever work done by dealers who know how to advertise, and who had a selfish purpose in the advertisement of this particular picture. All agree that the "Angelus" is by no means Millet's masterpiece. Some do not hesitate to express a doubt that any such price as that announced was ever paid for it. The announcement that the picture is not for sale, but will be brought to this country for exhibition for the benefit of the owner, is a revelation of the true inwardness of the whole thing, and this revelation will not be conducive to the success of the speculation; certainly not if the newspapers of America tell the truth about the affair.

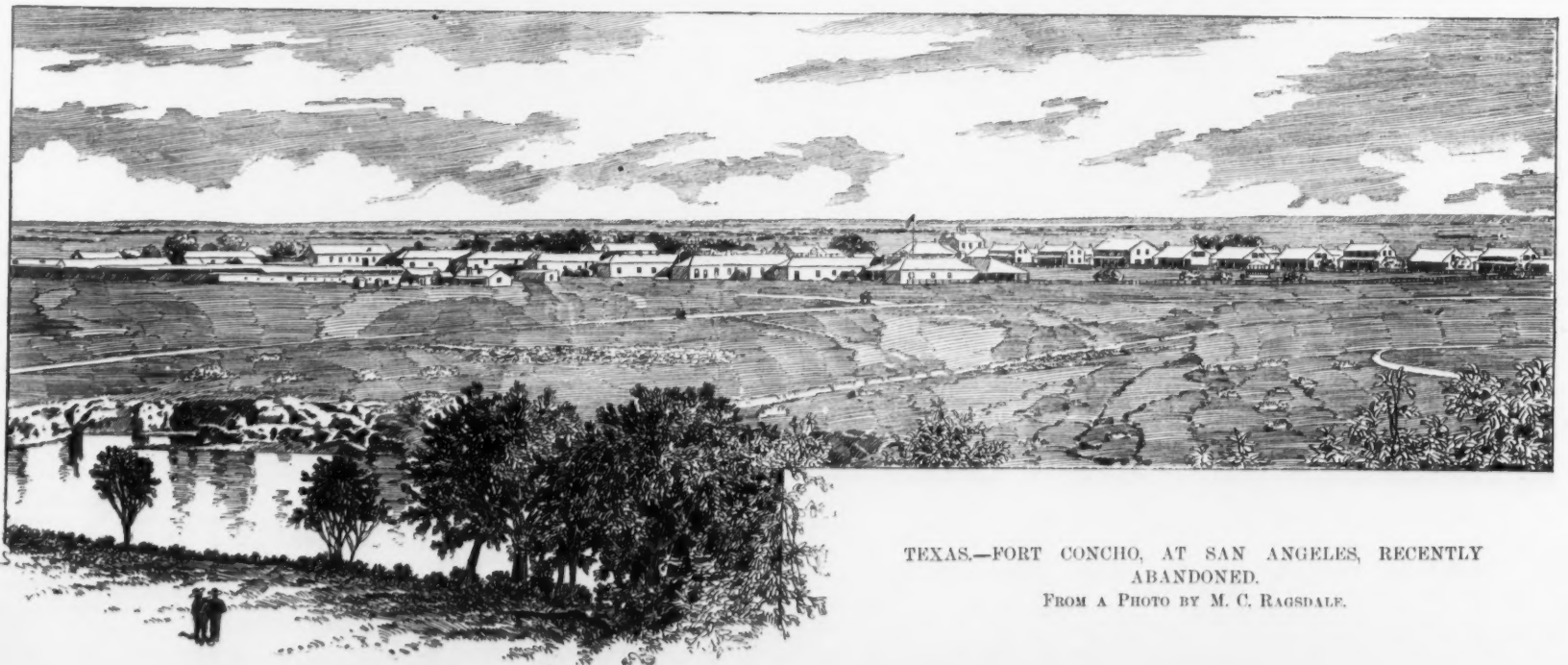
**T**HE latest novelty of inventive genius is called the "water" or "slide" railway. It is being exhibited at the Paris Exposition, and is calculated to make a speed of over one hundred miles an hour, and yet is able to be stopped within thirty yards; can climb gradients of sixteen inches in the yard, and run on curves of forty-four yards radius. The cars rest on slides or skates fitted upon a flat and wide rail and move on the inner surface. Water is forced into the slide or skate of the car and spreads over the rail in an even, thin layer. At intervals, and from the pillars upon which the elevated structure is built, jets of water strike the cars and send them forward. They glide noiselessly and smoothly at an incredible speed. The new system is peculiarly adapted to elevated railways in cities, as it is without noise or smoke, and is light and inexpensive. Its cost to build in an open country would average about \$40,000 a mile, but the running expenses would be very light, as there would be no consumption of coal if a free supply of water could be had. Such a structure for elevated or tunnel routes may be found practical within a few years. In view of recent advances in scientific invention, we are ready to accept any novelty, even one that may replace the locomotive that had seemed to have come to stay.

**I**T seems to be agreed on all hands that the Republican party in Virginia is getting into shape for a very vigorous fight in the coming fall. According to a writer in the Baltimore *Sun* large numbers of white Protectionists who have acted with the Democrats are coming over to the Republican side, while "with many of the old-timers the very name of Harrison is a potent spell, a reminder of other days of party prestige and of youth." From another quarter we hear the statement that General James A. Walker, the commander of the famous Confederate Stonewall Brigade, has definitely decided to enter the Republican party, and may be nominated to a place on the State ticket with two other former Confederate officers almost equally well known. It is easy to see in this disintegration of old party relationships the promise of a new and better order of things in Southern politics, and every right-thinking citizen will watch with interest the progress of the revolution now commenced. So long as the South remains "solid" in the sense that but one party can find recognition in its affairs, just so long it will fail to make the most of its great opportunities, and it is this reflection, we doubt not, that is impelling so many Southern men, heretofore ranking as Democrats, to put themselves abreast of the movement in favor of more liberal policies.



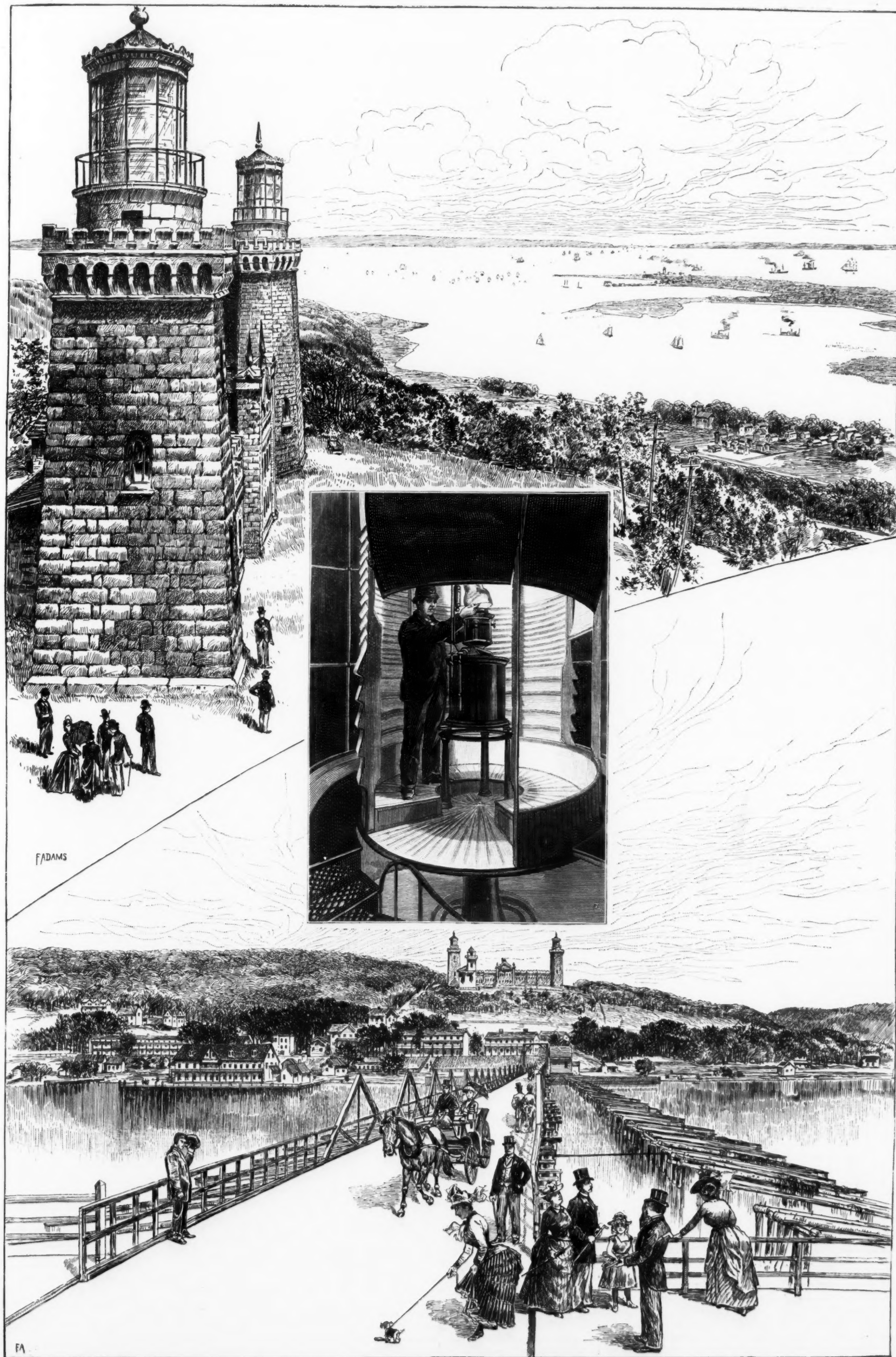


REPRESENTATIVE SOCIETY LADIES OF NEW YORK.—I. MRS. LLOYD S. BRYCE.  
[SEE PAGE 31.]



TEXAS.—FORT CONCHO, AT SAN ANGELES, RECENTLY  
ABANDONED.  
FROM A PHOTO BY M. C. RAGSDALE.





1. LOOKING TOWARD THE NARROWS. 2. LIGHTING THE BEACON. 3. VIEW OF THE LIGHTHOUSE FROM THE BRIDGE OVER THE NAVESINK RIVER.

NEW JERSEY.—THE HIGHLAND LIGHT ON THE NAVESINK HEIGHTS, THE MOST PICTURESQUE LIGHTHOUSE STRUCTURE ON THE ATLANTIC COAST.—DRAWN BY FRANK ADAMS.—[SEE PAGE 30.]



## A SEASIDE PICTURE.

A STRETCH of whitened sand smoothed by the tide,  
With shells and sea-weed far at random strewn;  
A darker back-ground curved by wave-washed lines,  
Now bold with jagged rocks by trees o'ergrown,  
Then softened into wondrous shades of green  
In gentlest slopes and mimic vales, which vie  
With matchless skill from Nature's master-hand,  
Where sunlit clouds like ships at anchor lie.

Here to the right, a mountain lifts its head,  
A hooded monk against the sky's blue haze;  
Far to the left, amid the wooded hills,  
A lakelet glitters with a diamond's rays  
Amid its emerald setting, while beyond—  
A blended view of earth and sky, where gleam  
Faintly the distant city's domes and spires,  
Vague and unreal as a poet's dream!

The white sails in the harbor far and near  
Glint in the sunlight, shifting to the breeze;  
The ships at anchor rock and graceful dip,  
Their pennons fluttering at the mast. With ease  
The light boats of the sturdy fishermen  
Like fairies dance upon the glassy deep;  
The circling sea-gulls with extended wings  
Cleave the blue depths above with well-poised sweep.

There, by that cliff-bound cove, two lovers stray;  
He writes her name upon the yielding sand;  
Her cheeks flush to a deeper, lovelier hue  
Than the pink shells they gather from the strand.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
The bright, harmonious scene is changed to gray;  
The jewel taken from the lakelet's breast;  
The hooded monk, with venerable head  
Pillowed among the clouds, has gone to rest.

The fisher's boats are safely moored at shore;  
The sea-gulls swoop no more in search of prey;  
The rising rush of the relentless tide  
Has washed the lover's sand-traced name away.  
A sound of moaning breakers comes from far,  
The waves lift their white hands across the sea,  
While twilight drops her curtain over all,  
And hides the picture from the world and me!

MRS. A. GIDDINGS PARK.

## MR. BRACEBRIDGE'S DILEMMA.

BY A. S. DUANE.

LOVE is like lightning. Not in its rapidity of action, although the simile is often carried out to that extent, but in the way in which it is stored in the human generator; made up bit by bit from nervous energy, good health, or, it may be, some morbid condition, and then, when the full charge has accumulated, it expends itself generally on the most prominent object in the surrounding expanse of country. I have seen lightning strike a clump of Spanish bayonet two feet high on an Arizona mesa. There was nothing else in sight. If a man had "gone off" like that it would have been a case of "infatuation."

When Mr. Bracebridge took the advice of his physician to "seek some quiet resort," and appeared at Blue Lick Springs, he was suffering from a recoil, as it were. Six months before he had met Miss Retta Costello, the daughter of Peter Costello, the great "copper king," at a dance in the Ponce de Leon Hotel, and had straightway fallen head over ears in love with her. She was a pretty little thing, who, if she had contracted the fever for theatricals that is epidemic in fashionable circles just now, would have been cast by an astute manager for a "singing chambermaid." And, on the other hand, if the great Peter, her sire, had remained on the old sod as Lord Lufton's tenant, little Retta would have played the *vile* in reality with great success. As it was, her sprightliness, her French education, and clothes set her on a pinnacle where she received the homage of all the adjacent youth. Up to the time of the Ponce de Leon dance she had shown herself such an excellent conductor that all the shafts launched at her had gone straight through her head and heart without leaving the slightest trace and landed at her feet. But it was a strong-headed woman who could pass over the adoration of Richard Bracebridge without even a thrill. Miss Costello had a great many. There were rides and walks and dances and drives, and then Mr. Bracebridge took his best gold pen into his nervous fingers and wrote a business letter to the great Peter, asking him for his only daughter now, and the prospect of eight or ten million dollars in the course of nature, and very properly felt himself a presuming upstart while he was about it.

The copper magnate agreed with him. He wrote Mr. Bracebridge a pompous letter telling him that the last descendant of one of the Irish kings was not to lightly mate with an American of no particular wealth or position, and he must decline the honor of the alliance. When this letter reached Mr. Bracebridge he had already received the tearful adieu of his beloved, she having been summoned home by a peremptory telegram from the same source.

Mr. Costello showed his allegiance to Great Britain in one striking (to Americans) peculiarity. He ruled his daughter.

And so, when Mr. Bracebridge appeared at Blue Lick, he still drooped the corners of his mustache, under the impression that for him—

"The flowers and fruit of love were done,  
The worm, the canker, and the grief  
Remained for him alone."

But nature abhors a vacuum. After he had expended his accumulation of youthful passion upon Miss Costello, and received nothing in return, kind nature began storing up a new charge. It was early in the season at Blue Lick, and, beyond four or five young married ladies with their babies and nurses from Cincinnati, and two or three thin "young" ladies, who had discovered, from an experience of thirty years (or over), how pleasantly inconspicuous one can be with a paper novel or a bit of fancy work, the place was deserted. So Bracebridge smoked

his cigars and loaned his French novels to the young married ladies, and played with the babies, wearing his gay blazers and varied neckwear for the bedazzlement of the maidens, until his self-respect was fully restored.

By the time the brilliantly-tinted Kentucky girls had begun to make gay the piazzas with their white dresses there was interest in the up-curve of his mustache and in his eager eye-beam. There had been no one to fritter it away upon, and the charge was almost ready to blaze forth.

It was at this time that some of the young people in and around Millersburg, in Bourbon County, made up a riding-party to visit the Springs, and Kitty Basil came along. Perhaps it was her entire dissimilarity to Miss Costello that attracted Mr. Bracebridge's notice; but I think (and so did he) that the Kentucky girl attracts purely upon her own personal merits. Tall and willowy and dark, as she dashed up to the hotel steps on her black thoroughbred, and Bracebridge took her in, it seemed to him that she and her horse had been made for each other. It was a pity to spoil the exquisite symmetry of the picture by separating them. But when she sprung lightly down, and, lifting one edge of her short riding-skirt just enough to give a tantalizing glimpse of polished riding-boots about six inches long, walked across the piazza with the free yet high-headed movement which was her state heritage, he could only hope that he might see her dance, to be intoxicated by the perfection of motion.

When Mrs. Lacy, the young married lady who had "adopted" him, sprung toward her with the endearments of intimate friendship, he felt like kissing the Lacy baby on the spot.

But he was spared that, as Mrs. Lacy motioned him with her eyes to come forward and meet her friend. It was very simple.

"Mr. Bracebridge, Miss Basil—" but poor Bracebridge felt as though the gates of paradise had been flung open in his face. The wide lawn, carpeted with matted blue-grass, and shaded with forest trees, became instantly an enchanted scene, now that he was to walk there with this young goddess.

Did you ever, in the vernacular of that State, "court" a Kentucky girl? If you have, I can't tell you anything. If you have not, there isn't any use in my trying, as it would not be within the power of man to tell you *everything*!

She can fence and coquet until you are on the brink of despair, and wild with anger, and determined to let the jade alone, and then, with one flutter of her eyelash, or one curl of killing sweetness in the corner of her mouth, she can bring you to your original state of adoring helplessness.

Bracebridge and Kitty Basil went through the whole programme. I could give it verbatim, but honor prevents me giving Miss Basil's actual sentences, and I am by no means clever enough to make up new ones on the same lines. She went back home that evening with the inspiration of conquest dancing in her eyes, and he went up on the hill behind the hotel and smoked cigars over the invitation she had given him to come over to Millersburg and play tennis on their lawn.

Miss Basil's home was known as "The Nunnery," from the fact that it had originally been owned by a family named Nunn. It more than compensated for its sombre name. There were five daughters younger than Kitty, and people said each one gave evidence and promise of greater beauty than the one that went before. Her next younger sister, Marion, seventeen, was spending the summer at West Point with an aunt, and turning the heads of half the cadets. With true Kentucky lack of mercenary considerations she married a West Point graduate the next summer, and went to New Mexico to enjoy love in a desert.

Next to her came the twins, Nelly and Sally, just turning thirteen, and the veriest Tom-boys that ever existed. If Bracebridge had not been in love—genuinely a victim to the *grande passion*—the rudeness and pranks of those two girls would have driven him out of the State. As it was, they took on some of the halo that he had fitted to their sister.

He sent up to Lexington and bought a riding-horse from a dealer there, and then, like a knight of old, felt ready to do battle for his lady fair, only in this case the battle must be won by a ready tongue as well as a flashing armor.

The Bourbon County pike winds through the green fields like a silver ribbon, hard and white, but here and there are shady dirt roads where two horses can loiter along close together.

Many and long were the talks and discussions that Bracebridge and Miss Basil held, ever disagreeing, yet each conscious that every day drew them closer together.

One night (it was truly night when they started, for the August day had been too hot to think of anything but coolness and seclusion as long as the sun shone) there was a riding-party. In the arrangement at starting Bracebridge had fallen to a Miss Biddle, a pasty-faced girl whose whole talk was of the Cynthiana and Lexington races, and who made desperate bids for Bracebridge to bet her confectionery and gloves upon the coming contests. If he could have given her a ton of candies and a gross of gloves, and never heard of her again, he would have gladly done so; but betting with her now meant some sort of intercourse in the future, and he steered clear of the possibility. The moon was low in the sky as they rode home. As they turned out of the pike into an open lane that was a "short cut," Bracebridge's heart, when he found himself at last by Kitty's side, broke into a flame.

He leaned over and covered her whip hand with his own. There was an answering pressure from the little gloved fingers.

"Will your father be at home to-morrow?" he said, his voice stiff from emotion.

"Papa?" she said. (He knew she was humbugging.) "Don't you mean me?"

"No. I must see your father before I see you again."

There was a flash from eye to eye, and then Bracebridge rode on and heard the legend of the run Goldsmith's Maid made against Jay Eye See from the enthusiastic Miss Biddle, but even that horsey young woman could not damp his new joy.

When he went into the Millersburg Hotel that night he ran across Jack Blair, who had just come in from Blue Lick. They smoked a cigar apiece while Jack went over the salient points in the Springs' gossip for twenty-four hours, and then Bracebridge went to his room. He had just divested himself of collar and shoes when the door opened and a large white envelope was thrown in.

"They told me to give you that. It came this morning. Came within an ace of forgetting it."

"Thanks, Blair," and he picked it up.

A business letter, of course. He hadn't read ten lines until he felt as though he should go mad. It was from Peter Costello.

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, N. Y.

MR. RICHARD BRACEBRIDGE, SIR: Finding that your attentions to my daughter have seriously injured her health—"What does the old fool mean?" poor Bracebridge ejaculated,—and the physicians saying that she must have her way and not be crossed, I write to you to retract my refusal to you of last January. The doctors say she will die unless her mental trouble is relieved. Come at once. Yours respectfully,

PETER COSTELLO.

"The old ass!"

Alas, Bracebridge! Had this letter come to you two months ago, instead of sitting there with your head in your hands, disgusted at its style of composition, you would have pressed it to your heart as a harbinger of great joy. "Times change, my masters." All night long he walked the floor. Perhaps ten hundred times he drew a sigh from his boot-heels, and breathed out:

"Poor girl! Poor Retta!"

It is a terrible thing to have a girl dying for you. Of course he loved her—loved her like a sister; but how *could* he leave Kitty? Kitty, glorious Kitty, whose father he was to see that very day. He knew there would be no difficulty there. He had already made friends with jolly, happy-go-lucky Major Basil. What would they think of him? It had got to that now. Bracebridge was too much of a man to shirk his responsibilities. If Retta Costello had loved him enough for the parting to mean death to her, then he could only despise himself that he had not returned it in kind. She should never suffer from his fickleness.

And then there was his explanation to Kitty! He felt as though his hair was growing white with misery.

It was daylight when he finally finished the five sheets of paper in which he tried to do himself justice. He directed it to "Miss Kitty Basil—The Nunnery," and then packed his few belongings that he had brought over to Millersburg, sent a telegram to Blue Lick for his trunk to be sent to the New York Hotel, thanking his stars meanwhile that only yesterday he had paid his bills to the end of the month, and went out in time to catch the one train to Paris, the adjacent town. As he went out of the Pernell House office he dropped a dollar and his note to Miss Basil in the waiting hand of the one bell-boy.

"Take this to Miss Basil this morning."

"Yes, sir." And he was gone.

As the train rolled across the bridge there was a mist in Bracebridge's eyes. He never expected to see the shabby little town again.

He would have been wild could he have known the fate of his letter of explanation.

It was late afternoon before "Yellow Bob" found time to carry the note out to the Nunnery. As he came in sight of the house from a turn in the lane that led up to it through a natural park of forest trees, he saw Miss Nelly and Miss Sally Basil come mincing down the veranda steps with long dresses, plainly the property of their sister, dragging after them. As they saw the colored boy they gave a couple of shrill screams and started back, and then, recognizing him, advanced more haughtily than before.

"What do you want?" Miss Sally inquired, with freezing dignity.

"Laws, Miss Sally, I don't want nothin'. Jes fetched a *cy'ard* to Miss Kitty," and he brought out Bracebridge's letter.

"Very well. Give it to me." And slipping it into the pocket of the dress she was holding up, she walked on as though letters were as plentiful as leaves, and of no more consequence, leaving Yellow Bob a picture of admiring awe.

An hour later the dresses were hanging in Kitty's wardrobe, and the letter's message was still unread.

One would naturally imagine that this interval had been one of some anxiety to Miss Basil; and perhaps it would have been except for one incident. When she returned from her ride the evening before, she found that her father had been hastily summoned to New York upon important business. After she had received a morning caller in the figure of Jack Blair, and learned that Mr. Bracebridge had also gone to New York, she went about one prism of radiating smiles.

The most romantic girl could not ask more in a lover than was hers. He had told her that he could not see her again until he had seen her father. Her father had gone to New York, and this rash youth had followed him.

Meanwhile, Bracebridge was going over the dreary journey. As the miles flew by, perhaps his greatest suffering was in his realizing sense of the instability of his own feelings. As he thought of Kitty's cleverness and beauty, and the love-light in her eyes, he was sure that she was the core of his soul. And then, when he thought of poor little Retta dying for love of him, he longed to reach her, and clasping her in his arms, assure her that her griefs were over. He at last arrived at the conclusion that this last was his proper state of mind. As he had fully determined to marry Retta, she was the shrine at which he must burn his incense.

It was ten o'clock of the hot August night when he reached the city. He took a hansom to the New York Hotel, and wondered why they kept an invalid in whom he felt a proprietary interest in any such stifling atmosphere. And then he went to bed and tried to persuade himself that it was all a dream.

The next morning, after a late breakfast, he wended his way down Fifth Avenue to the hotel.

He asked for Mr. Costello, was informed that he was not in, and then he asked if his card could be carried to Miss Costello. In the course of fifteen minutes her maid came down and said that Miss Costello would be glad to see Mr. Bracebridge if he cared to see an invalid. His heart tender within him, he followed the precise Frenchwoman up-stairs.

He was ushered into a very dream of a boudoir, evidently fitted out in its details by the present occupants.

Miss Costello was lying on a wicker lounge piled with silk cushions that delicately harmonized with the texture of her *des-habille*. She greeted Bracebridge with gentle languor, and presently told her maid that she might go.



As soon as the attendant was safely latched outside, Bracebridge fell upon his knees and put his arm across the shoulder that invited his clasp. How happy they would be! He could feel in, anticipation, the answering pressure of her arm.

What was his utter surprise to feel her draw back from him, and to hear an icy voice say, in the ear attuned for the accents of passion, "Mr. Bracebridge, what is the meaning of this extraordinary conduct? Will you be good enough to seat yourself in that chair?"

"Retta, my darling, has not your father told you?"

"Papa? Told me *what*?"

"That, in consideration of your health, he has at last consented to our engagement."

"Did he tell you that?" The invalid was sitting up.

"Here is his letter," and taking it from his pocket (he had expected to produce it under vastly different circumstances) he gave it to her.

She glanced rapidly over it, and then fell back among her cushions with almost hysterical laughter.

By this time Bracebridge was standing stiffly over her.

"Sit down. Oh, sit down," she managed to say, finally. "And did poor pop think it was *you*?"

And then she sat up again, and reaching out, took Bracebridge's passive hands.

"Poor Dick! Confess you had forgotten all about me when you got papa's letter. Now, hadn't you?"

Bracebridge's face took on a fine scarlet.

"I knew it! I knew it!" she cried. "And I—I had given you up long ago. It is some one totally different."

And then, still holding Bracebridge's hands, she told him the story. The object of her love just now was the manager of her father's business in New York. A New Englander of no social qualifications whatever, but with a "way" that had ensnared the heart of his employer's daughter. Miss Retta had skillfully played upon the feelings of her physicians, and had a deep-laid plot to make her father ask her the cause of her despondency, when she meant to tell him the truth. Thinking himself infallible, the old man had succeeded in offering his daughter to the man she didn't want, and who didn't want her.

"Go away. Leave me the letter. I can settle him now," this daughter of her sire said, with determination; and Bracebridge gladly took her advice.

As he boarded the ferry for Jersey City that afternoon, he was delighted to see the portly form of Major Basil just ahead of him, and he went up and touched him on the arm.

"Hello! Mr. Bracebridge. You here, sir? Glad to see you. Where are you going?"

Bracebridge gave a little embarrassed laugh and a casual glance around to see that they were out of ear-shot.

"That depends upon you, Major Basil."

"Upon me?" and the rich voice was jovial. "Then you'll come back to Kentucky. I can't ask better company."

"But you will have to take me as a son-in-law."

It was out. Major Basil grasped his arm.

"You don't mean to tell me you've run off with my daughter?"

"No. Oh, no."

Bracebridge, never realizing that if he had done so it would have been regarded as a capital joke by Major Basil, was inexpressibly shocked.

"I only hope to marry her with your consent."

"Well, you have it," the major said, cordially, shaking him by the hand. "I saw it was coming to this some time ago, and I took pains to inquire about you, young man, and I have no fault to find. Kitty's a good girl, and deserves a good husband, and I believe you'll make one."

As the journey progressed, Bracebridge learned that his prospective father-in-law had left Millersburg the evening of the ride. And like a flash he saw his loop-hole—if *only* he had never written that letter!

As they drew nearer and nearer their destination, Bracebridge had alternate fits of exaltation and despondency.

Suppose Kitty refused to take a man who a week ago was on his way to marry another woman, and who had only returned to her when informed that he was not wanted. Half-a-dozen times he opened his lips to confess it all to Major Basil and ask his advice, and then put off the evil hour.

The major expected him to go at once to the Nunnery, but dread at his possible reception made him invent an excuse for going to the Blue Lick Hotel for a day. The last words he heard were, "I'll tell Kitty you'll be over to-morrow."

All night long Bracebridge tossed and tumbled the sheets of his bed; and as he slowly rode up the avenue at the Nunnery, the next morning, his state of mind was not much calmer. His heart gave a bound of delight as he saw Kitty just disappearing down a leafy arbor of the old-fashioned sort, that led to a wisteria-clad summer-house. It would have given an extra leap had he known that this was the first time his letter had been near her. In the pocket of her dress it had lain undisturbed since the afternoon of the twins' *promenade à la peacock*.

He gave his horse into the hands of a grinning colored boy, and followed the path through the arbor, snapping his riding-cane against his boot.

Although Kitty must have heard the sound, she did not look up until Bracebridge stood before her. She had received the congratulations of her father, and, it may be, looked for a different advance. Her air of surprise was pretty, but there was no doubt of the cordiality of her glance, and in another second she was in Bracebridge's arms.

After they had gone over and over their particular variation of the original life's melody (convinced that they alone knew the fundamental theme), Bracebridge finally plucked up courage to ask her what she thought when she received his letter.

"Your letter?"

"Blessed soul!" he thought, "is that a woman's way out of a dilemma? Pretending she did not get it? Or *did* she?"

Just then she put her hand into her pocket—and drew out, to her infinite amazement, the letter.

"Did you put it here just now? What is it?" and looking for a surprise—delightful, of course—she took a long pin from her dress, and began to cut open the end.

Bracebridge was almost stupefied with amazement. He felt like a counter on a board being moved about by Fate, and then,

regaining his faculties with a rush, he took the letter tenderly out of her hand.

"I wrote it," he said, "fearing that I might not see you. It is useless now. I put it there in jest."

And in his heart he excused himself the deceit.

## IN FASHION'S GLASS.

### A REFLECTION OF WATERING-PLACE TOILETTES.

TO be ultra-fashionable one must display four toilettes a day at the watering-places. One for breakfast and the morning stroll on the beach, the bathing-costume, one for luncheon and the afternoon, and the elaborate toilette for the evening and casino. So, with even a dozen gowns one can ring the changes very ac-



AFTERNOON TOILETTE.

ceptably. An extremely pretty model is given in the illustration, which is designed for an afternoon toilette. It is made of fine white cloth in a straight skirt, which is bordered around the hem with a band of *guipure de Venise* in deep vandykes turned upwards. The bodice is fitted to a yoke-collar of the guipure, and the sleeves have cuffs to match. A sash of white surah encircles the waist. The wide-brim hat is covered with pleatings of white batiste, and the crown garniture consists of white ribbon loops, and gauze butterflies nestled within a pom-pom of wheat-ears. The stockings accompanying this costume are of bronze open-work silk, and the Louis Quinze ties are of bronze kid, laced up with bronze ribbons.

Many of the gowns designed for the casino of the summer resort are rich indeed, and little short of inspirations. The Empire styles are still leading; high waists, wide sashes above the hips, plain fronts to skirts, trimmed around the foot with a hem of flowers, or a broad band of embroidery, either vandyked or a square-patterned passementerie of beads or bullion thread. The plain pointed bodices, with folds of *crêpe* or silk mull for fichus are still much worn, and in these there is a tendency to trim one side differently from the other. For example, a mauve faille gown made in this manner has a trail of purple-shaded orchids commencing on one shoulder, passing down to the middle of the front for a vest, is then drawn around to the left hip, depending to the hem as a sort of sash, while the other side of the bodice is draped with mauve *crêpe-de-Chine*, fastened with diamond brooches. Another elaborate gown of rather pronounced style deserves mention, and is made of white silk brocade in stripes with tiny blackberries in velvet. The bodice is cut so that the stripes pass around the figure from the right shoulder across under the left side of the bust, and the space above on the left side is filled in with closely-jetted net, forming a sort of half-cuirass. The bodice is laced at the back. A great deal of black and white is noticeable this season in handsome toilettes, even upon quite young ladies, and it is particularly striking for decided blondes. Among the new colors which have appeared this year, and as yet are rare, is a novel one called "spirit-flame." It is a peculiar blending of violet, blue, and red, and in truth resembles the varying tones of burning cognac or yellow charentaise. The rage for jewel-bedecked gowns is on the increase, and every conceivable point of vantage is occupied by a gem. A fold is held in place here, and a drapery caught up there by the delightful jeweled conceits in the way of a flock of birds or a flower-spray most artistic with glintings here and there from diamond dew-drops. Surely such a superabundance of jewels was never seen previous to the past few seasons, and one might reasonably expect therefrom a diamond famine in the fields of Kimberley.

ELLA STARR.

## AT HOME AND ABROAD.

AN ice trust has been formed at Savannah, Ga.

THE cotton crop of Texas will be worth \$84,000,000.

MARTIN BURKE, the Cronin suspect, has been safely lodged in a Chicago jail, and will soon be brought to trial.

THERE are twenty-seven trust companies in the State of New York, with resources aggregating \$269,517,356.

THE Indians on the Devil's Lake Reservation in Northern Dakota refuse to receive allotments of lands in severalty.

ALL the breweries in Omaha have been sold to a European syndicate for \$1,500,000. The purchasers are said to be the Rothschilds.

THE requisite number of signatures for the opening of the great Sioux Reservation has been secured, and the commission will soon close its work.

THE Baltimore grand jury has commenced a crusade against the social clubs of that city on account of alleged violations of the liquor and gambling laws.

THE surplus of the Parnell indemnity fund exceeds \$200,000, only \$100,000 having been used for legal expenses in connection with the special commission.

IT is said that the plumbers and gas-fitters of the United States and Canada, numbering 25,000, will withdraw from the Knights of Labor organization.

A WONDERFUL young Russian giantess has just reached Paris. Her name is Elizabeth Liska. She is only eleven years of age, and is already 6 feet 6 inches in height.

CHICAGO business men have appointed a committee to secure the world's fair in 1892 for that city. This committee has decided to organize an exposition company with a capital of \$5,000,000.

THE stealing of an umbrella on a clear day is held to be a theft by an Omaha judge, but the stealing of the same article on a rainy day is said to be justifiable on the ground of self-defense.

At the recent elections in France the total Cantonal vote for the Councils-general was as follows: General Boulanger, 158,000; Republican candidates, 1,500,000; Reactionist candidates, 600,000.

In a recent speech Lord Randolph Churchill proposed to settle the Irish question by an imperial loan of £100,000,000 to enable tenants to buy their holdings. The Tory papers ridicule the proposition.

A TERRIBLE state of affairs prevails among the Illinois coal miners who are locked out. Six thousand persons are on the verge of starvation, and the relief from Chicago and other cities remains inadequate.

THE number of admissions to the Paris exhibition up to the 15th of July was 6,207,000, as compared with 4,322,000 in the corresponding portion of 1878. The great majority of the visitors are French provincials.

A BELGIAN recently arrived from the Congo reports that commerce is growing rapidly in that region, and that trading stations are prosperous. Nineteen steamers ply on the river. The natives are eager for traffic.

THE heat in Russia and other parts of Northern Europe has this summer been intense. The central observatory at St. Petersburg has not recorded such a high temperature at the same time of the year since 1774.

GREAT BRITAIN is negotiating a commercial treaty with Japan by which the whole interior of Japan will be opened to British trade, and Great Britain will surrender the present judicial privileges of her subjects in Japan.

THE invasion of Upper Egypt is at an end. General Grenfell, having received re-enforcements, on the 3d inst. attacked and routed the dervish host, which lost its leader and 1,500 of his followers in killed, and 1,000 in prisoners.

IT is stated that notwithstanding the recent decision of Solicitor-general Hepburn adverse to the importation of five foreign professors engaged for the Catholic University at Washington, the professors will come to this country and assume their duties.

SHERIFF FLACK, of New York City, was recently divorced from his wife in a suit ostensibly brought by the woman, who now declares that she never applied for a divorce and was never before a referee, all that she did being to sign a paper which was represented to her as a deed of separation.

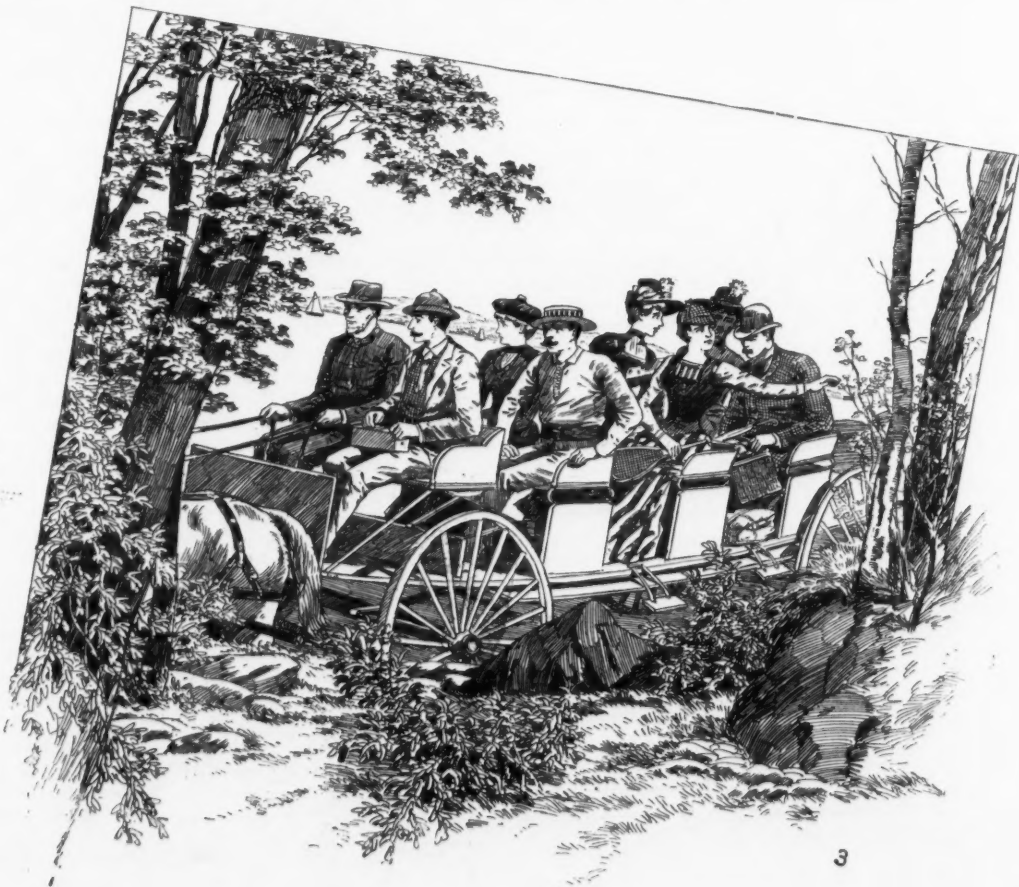
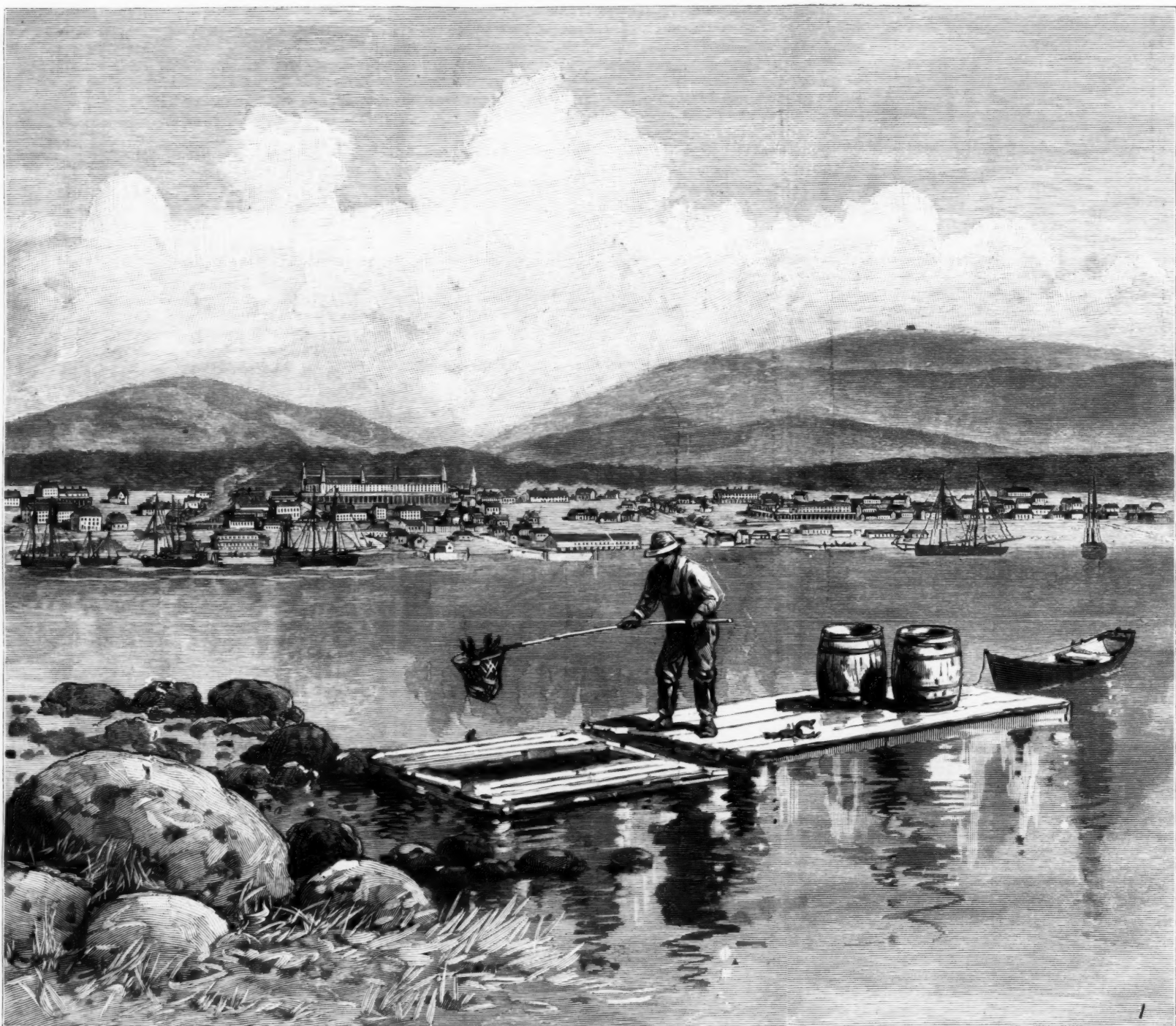
TWO PHILADELPHIA capitalists are at the head of a syndicate who have acquired the gas rights of 50,000 acres of land in Indiana, and intend piping it to Chicago. They are so confident that the Indiana law to prevent gas being piped out of the State will be declared unconstitutional that all the contracts have been made.

THE British sealer *Black Diamond*, captured in Behring Sea, refused to surrender until her captain saw the guns of the Yankee revenue-cutter. Her papers were secured by forcing open the cabin and the captain's strong box. A prize crew of one man was then placed on board, and the vessel ordered to proceed to Sitka, but instead, she went to Victoria, British Columbia. Her escape gave great satisfaction in the Canadian Dominion.

THE article on taxation and revenue incorporated in the Montana constitution exempts all churches, public property, and libraries. The Legislature may pass general laws for taxation of any property. Mines to be taxed according to value paid the United States for the same. The machinery is subject to a special taxation as private property, and cannot be sold for taxes. The limit of taxation is three mills; if assessed on property over \$100,000,000, two and one-half; if over \$300,000,000, one and one-half mills on the dollar.

PRESIDENT HARRISON sent a letter to the Lord Mayor of Dublin, thanking the people of that city for their generous gifts to the sufferers by the Johnstown disaster, and it is now charged that the official envelope in which the letter was inclosed bore plain evidence of having been tampered with. The Lord Mayor, Mr. Sexton, says the seal had been melted, and gum was scattered over the outside of the envelope. The gum used by the person who opened the letter and the gum originally on the envelope were palpably different. The postal authorities will look into the matter.





1. GENERAL VIEW OF THE TOWN. 2. CANOEING. 3. A BUCKBOARD EXCURSION.

MAINE.—THE VISIT OF PRESIDENT HARRISON TO BAR HARBOR, THE "LITTLE PARIS" OF THE NORTH-EAST COAST.  
FROM PHOTOS AND SKETCHES.—[SEE PAGE 30.]



VIRGINIA.—INTERIOR OF A JUNK-SHOP IN THE CITY OF RICHMOND.—A BAZAAR OF WAR-RELICS AND ODDS AND ENDS OF EVERY SORT.—DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.—[SEE PAGE 30.]





## THE CRICKET PLAGUE IN ALGERIA.

REFERENCES have been made in these columns to the immense ravages committed by a peculiar species of cricket, the *Stauronotus Marocanus*, which infests the eastern provinces of Algeria. This destructive insect, bred on the dry and bare highlands of the Tell, has been descending into the cultivated plains, towards the shores of the Mediterranean, during the past four years. Its color is russet or reddish brown. The insect's mouth is armed with two strong horny hooks in the upper jaw, moving horizontally, crossing each other like the blades of scissors. With these, having climbed a cornstalk, they first quickly strip off the beard and husks of the ear of corn, which they allow to fall to the ground, and then cut open every grain, devouring only its farinaceous part, and this to the last crumb. Five or six insects—we quote the account of the London *Illustrated News*—will ascend a cornstalk at once, till it bends under their weight; millions and millions are in the field, swarming all round, seeking an unoccupied stalk—for they will seldom eat the husks or the stalk itself. The female insect, which is much larger than the male, lays her eggs about the end of June or beginning of July. She chooses dry and sterile ground, in which she bores a hole an inch deep by the instrumentality of a valvular sucking-tube at the extremity of her abdomen. Applying the end of this tube to the grains of earth or sand, which are loosened by its moisture, she lifts and removes them sticking to the tube, and continues the process till the hole is excavated. Then she deposits in the hole a cylindrical ovary, a case or shell of hardened mucilage, containing about forty eggs, very neatly packed together. The eggs remain nine months in the earth, and are slowly hatched by the heat of the sun, till the spring of the following year, when a little white caterpillar comes out of each egg; it is speedily transformed into a cricket, and these insects, collecting rapidly over spaces of hundreds of miles, form vast and terrible armies, which begin their march as creeping things, but

drop back into the trench beneath, which is 3 feet 8 inches deep, and of the same width, and the sides of which are lined with plates of zinc. After about twenty-five minutes, the host of crickets still pressing on to the barrier over spaces left purposely between the lengths of the trenches, each of which is only 7 feet or 8 feet long, all the trenches are full of masses of struggling insects. They are constantly watched by the Arabs, one of whom jumps into the trench as soon as he sees it filled, and tramples them to death with his feet, while he thrashes the living mass with a heavy stick, or log of wood, till they are all dead and reduced to a hideous pulp, which is immediately dug out and carried away, leaving the trench empty to receive their successors. The apparatus, used on a vast scale in Algeria, has cost many thousands of pound sterling, the calico, the waxed and oiled cloths, the cords, stakes and steel fastenings, and the plates of zinc being provided by the French Government; while 850 workshops and offices have been established, and nearly 100,000 people have been employed in this grand operation. They are guarded by detachments of French soldiers. This plan has been attended with considerable success; the quantity of living insects already destroyed in the spring months of this year was estimated at more than half a million cubic yards. It is hoped by these means, combined with destroying the eggs, to put an end to the lamentable havoc of the grain crops in Algeria, which has caused great misery to an industrious agricultural nation.

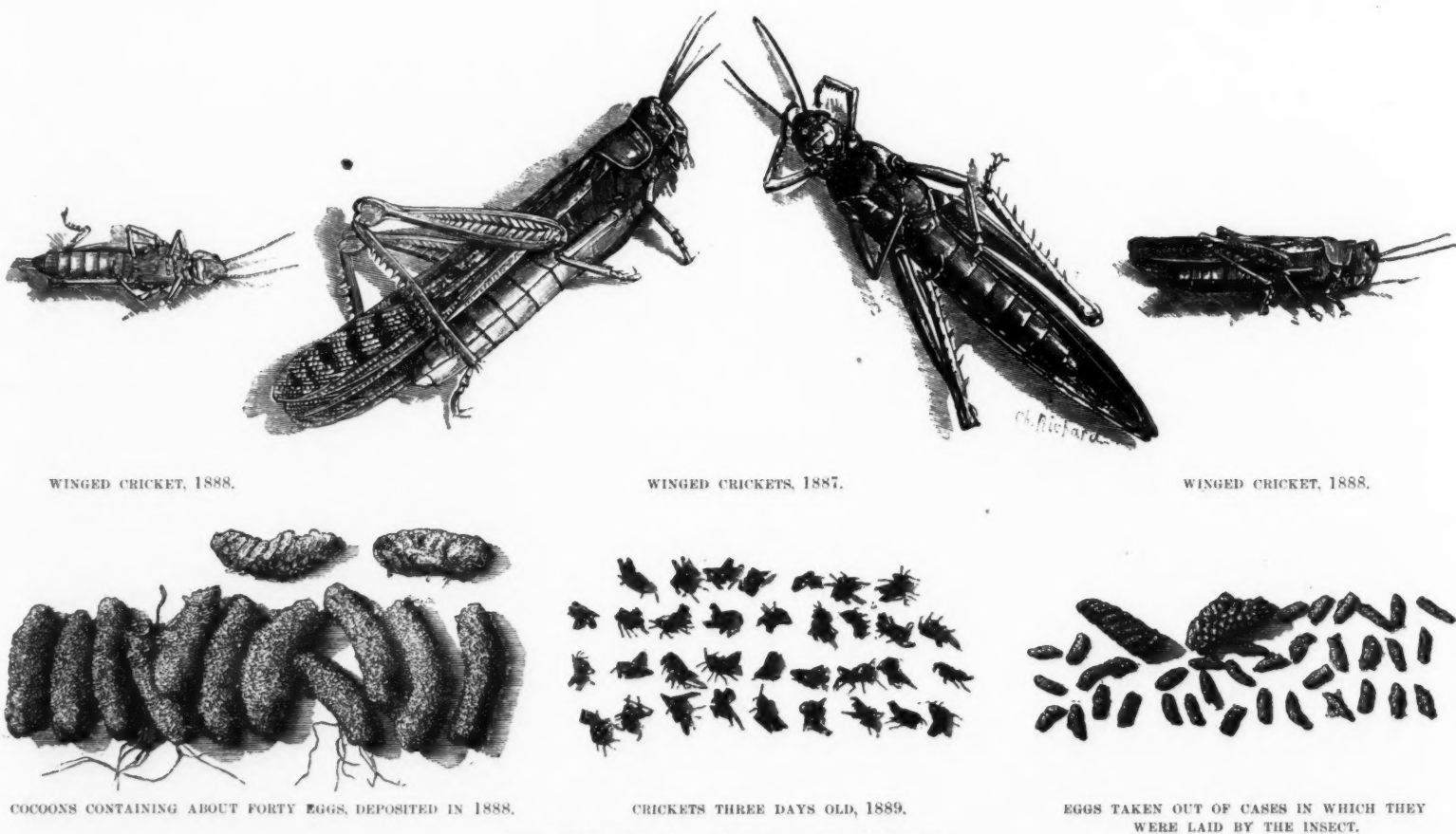
## A RICHMOND JUNK-SHOP.

READERS of Charles Dickens's "Old Curiosity Shop" will be interested to know that in Richmond, Va., there exists something of a counterpart of the famous shop described by the English novelist. This shop is kept by an old and respectable colored man who might use the words of a New York shopkeeper: "I keep this shop and this shop keeps me." The fame of it has extended beyond the city, and strangers are often led

of the sun. In other places the mountains were wrapped in sheets of flame, and the skies were illuminated for miles. In some parts of the Territory ranchmen were driven from their dwellings, while the miners left their work and engaged in fighting the flames. At several points travel by the ordinary roads was entirely cut off, and some of the railways only escaped serious loss by keeping gangs of men on guard at all their bridges and other exposed points. A correspondent, writing from Helena, August 1st, said: "From Helena, west, north, and south, a great black cloud of smoke hangs over the country, and for six days the sun has not been seen. At Missoula, in western Montana, the streets, buildings, and sidewalks are covered with ashes. The air is like a blast from a furnace. The atmosphere is filled with crisp embers, that have descended like a light fall of snow. The fire in Boulder Cañon, near Bernice, has been most destructive. Near the great mining-camp of Phillipsburg the damage has been immense, while the town of Granite is in imminent danger of being destroyed." The total money loss in timber burned and other property destroyed in that and other Territories has been very large, the damage in Montana alone being estimated at \$500,000; but, happily, there does not seem to have been any serious loss of life.

## THE HIGHLAND LIGHTS.

THE Highland Lights on the Navesink Heights, just below Sandy Hook, on the New Jersey coast, form the subject of an illustration on page 25. The Highlands of Navesink were at one time known as Portland Heights, the name applying to the entire beach between Sandy Hook Bay and the Navesink River. They were purchased from the Indians, who called this bold headland Newasink ("Good Fishing Place"), in 1663. The site on which the twin lighthouses now stand was utilized as early as 1746 for a beacon, put up at the request of New York merchants. England was then at war with France, and the beacon was designed to give warning in case hostile vessels should be



WINGED CRICKET, 1888.

WINGED CRICKETS, 1887.

WINGED CRICKET, 1888.

COCOONS CONTAINING ABOUT FORTY EGGS, DEPOSITED IN 1888.

CRICKETS THREE DAYS OLD, 1889.

EGGS TAKEN OUT OF CASES IN WHICH THEY WERE LAID BY THE INSECT.

## THE PLAGUE OF CRICKETS IN ALGERIA.

are presently furnished with wings as they attain the full size of adults, while they proceed in their devastating advance, guided by some mysterious instinctive knowledge, to the corn-growing regions far distant from the land of their birth.

The French Government of Algeria last year commenced an extensive system of preventive or defensive operations against this enormous mischief. A scientific and practical commission, of which M. Künckel d'Herculais was president, was charged with the task, and resolved to adopt measures both for destroying the young crickets before they get their wings, and for collecting and destroying the eggs. An exact geographical survey and map of the districts where the insects had laid their eggs having been prepared, the Arab tribes were summoned to form encampments in those districts; and remuneration was promised to them, for gathering the eggs, at the rate of 1f. 50c. for the quantity of two décalitres, which is more than two pecks of English measure. This work continued from August to December, last year, the total sum paid for it being nearly 600,000 francs; but it did not suffice to prevent the reappearance of the living crickets, in somewhat diminished numbers, in the spring of the present year. The Government Commission then resorted to the plan which was successfully employed in Cyprus, a few years ago, by the British administrative authorities there, against the plague of locusts. It is that of fixing up long bands of cotton-cloth or calico, supported by sticks, and stretching as a fence, in some cases, across one mile or more of the country, to intercept the march of the yet unwinged insects; and also digging a trench in front of the barrier, so that the insects fall back into the trench when they fail to climb to the top of the cloth, and cannot afterward escape. Of these fences and trenches nearly 6,000 have been constructed at the expense of the French Government. The cloth stands about 2 feet high; its lower edge is fixed close to the ground, and its upper edge has a slippery border of waxed cloth nearly four inches wide, kept moist by daily oiling. The insects cannot keep their hold on this oiled border, and inevitably

there to rummage over the miscellaneous stock, in which their labor is frequently rewarded by the discovery of some unique curiosity, or perhaps something around which cluster memories of the past.

The colored proprietor of this agglomeration of curiosities finds nothing amiss. He will buy or sell anything of any sort or description. Here is found the most contradictory and heterogeneous mass of articles quietly reposing side by side. These are gathered from every possible source. Frequent journeys have been made to the historic battle-fields of Virginia, and many relics of the sanguinary struggle of a quarter of a century ago have found their way into this modest shop. Swords and guns, knapsacks and canteens, here await the seeker after relics. Exploded shells, which have been mounted and prepared as paper-weights, buttons from the uniforms of both the blue and the gray, and other significant battle relics, may be found here.

In a shop of this character there can be no such thing as fixed rates. An ordinary junk-shop may have fixed values attached to the articles for sale, but curiosities which are unique can only be valued by the strength of the desire of the purchaser to have them. And here it is that the talent for bargaining shows itself, and buyer and seller argue and talk, and finally the bargain is struck, to mutual satisfaction, the buyer congratulating himself that he has added a unique treasure to his collection, and the seller that he has obtained a high price for something that cost him perhaps little or nothing.

## FOREST FIRES.

THE present season has been remarkable not only for its heavy storms of wind and rain, with consequent enormous loss of life, but also for its destructive forest fires in the Western States and Territories. In Montana fires in the timber lands raged for weeks, and for several days the smoke was in some places so dense as to obscure the heavens and shut out the light

sighted. About a month afterward it was accidentally fired, and as the light was not observed from New York, it was discontinued as useless. A lighthouse was built there in 1762, and continued in use until 1828, when twin towers were erected. In 1826 a semaphore, by action of which—the electric telegraph not having then been invented—vessels were reported to New York, was put up on the same plateau. The present structure, which, with its towers and battlements and natural environment, is peculiarly picturesque, was erected in 1862; it is of brown-stone, and the towers are connected by a castellated wall 228 feet long, forming the front of the keepers' dwellings and of the oil and supply rooms. The centres of the lanterns are 53 feet from the ground; the lights are of the first order, 248 feet above sea-level, and can be seen twenty-two and a half miles out at sea. The north-west tower is octagonal, and the south-east tower square. The view from the towers to the north and east is magnificent, and in summer thousands of people visit the place every week, drawn by its unusual attractions. At the foot of the hill lies Highlands, an old-time settlement, with a number of pretty villas, and near by is Highland Beach, a popular excursion resort.

## AT BAR HARBOR.

BAR HARBOR, on the Island of Mount Desert, has of late years become one of the most popular summer resorts in the country. It might, indeed, be called the little Paris of our north-east coast, so gay and fashionable is it in all its accessories and characteristics. One says of it: "Its hotels are vast caravansaries, splendid in architecture, decoration, régime, cuisine, and all the modern cosmopolitan airs that stifle and choke. Shops displaying goods as rich as may be found in the boulevards of Paris push their gaudy fronts into all available places. Villas and summer-houses weary the on-lookers with their gorgeousness and pretension. Dog-carts, cut-unders, barouches, phaetons,



chaises, and tally-ho coaches, full-liveried coachmen, silvered harness-chains and crests are as resplendent as upon the great show drives of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and San Francisco." But with all the pomp and glitter and show, there is a vast deal of real enjoyment among the visitors to this resort. The facilities for canoeing are especially fine, and pedestrians find the mountain walks and roads full of attractions. The recent visit of the President to Bar Harbor will no doubt heighten its popularity among tourists and excursionists, and certainly has had the effect of largely increasing the number of August visitors.

#### REPRESENTATIVE SOCIETY LADIES.—1. MRS. LLOYD STEPHENS BRYCE.

MRS. LLOYD STEPHENS BRYCE, of whom a beautiful picture appears in this issue, is a woman whose birth, beauty, and brains give her more and stronger claims to fame than usually fall to the young matron of fashionable society nowadays.

Mrs. Bryce is the only child of ex-Mayor Edward Cooper, and she is the grandchild of that noble man of beloved memory—the late Peter Cooper, whose only son her father was. Everybody who felt any interest in the recent centennial ball will know that Mrs. Edward Cooper, who was Miss Cornelia Redmond, can read her title clear to a long line of noted ancestors. Mrs. Bryce, who has been married some half-dozen years, is an exceptionally attractive woman. She is a trifle above medium height, slender and graceful, with a prettily-rounded figure which still retains its girlish outlines. Her delicately fair complexion is emphasized by quantities of golden hair and by a pair of large, expressive eyes that are neither gray nor blue. Mrs. Bryce's wedding, which took place just before her father's election to the office of Mayor, was a brilliant affair, and the marriage united two young people of similar literary tastes and marked mental abilities. Mrs. Bryce has wonderful gifts as a caricaturist, and so excellent an authority as Mr. William Henry Hurlbert often declared that, had Miss Edith Cooper been forced by necessity to turn to account her exceptional ability in this line, certain eminent cartoonists would need to have looked to their laurels to prevent them from being won by this yellow-haired, pink-checked young woman. There are some hypercritical people who profess to detect in the pages of Mr. Bryce's several novels traces of the delicate satire and the pretty wit that have long made Mrs. Bryce famous and sometimes feared. More readers still of his various novels declare that Mrs. Bryce has been the inspiration, if not the writer, of the love scenes, and those more closely dealing with woman and society. Be that as it may, it reflects equal credit on both. Mr. Bryce, who is the elder son of Major J. Smith Bryce, while yet a young man, has already acquired considerable literary and political fame. He has been a member of Congress; he has written several novels, which have been praised, criticised, or condemned, but which have been largely bought and read, which always means success. And now, by the death of his friend, the late Allen Thorndike Rice, Mr. Bryce becomes proprietor and editor of one of the brainiest, most substantial, and best considered magazines of the time.

Mrs. Bryce, despite her pretty, girlish look, has two little children who are beautiful little creatures, bright and winning, already giving evidence of inherited brains.

Mr. and Mrs. Bryce, who are shining lights in that planetary system now famous as the "Four Hundred," live in a splendid mansion in Washington Square, which is also the home of ex-Mayor Cooper.

Both Mr. Cooper and Mr. Bryce are members of "The Patriarchs," which is the hall-mark of social merit in New York, and Mrs. Bryce, whose taste in dress is one of unusual elegance, is always a belle among the young married women who are after all the real rulers of society. Mrs. Bryce will spend the latter part of the summer at Newport, where her husband's father, Major Bryce, has a beautiful villa, and where his handsome and gifted daughter, Mrs. Nicholas Fish, presides as Chatelaine. Mrs. Bryce, whose accomplishments include painting, drawing, music, etc., is a phenomenal linguist, and during her sojourn in Washington, she was greatly admired and sought in diplomatic circles.

[The next portrait of this series will be that of Miss Hargous.]

#### WHAT A LARGE "SHORT" INTEREST MIGHT DO FOR WALL STREET.

WHEN I spoke to Russell Sage, some years ago, about the prospects of the payment of a dividend by a certain railroad, the stock of which was largely speculated in, and the chances of a rise in the stock because of the dividend, he made this reply to me, in his quick, nervous way: "Never mind the dividend; I would rather have a large short interest in the stock; that will send it up, dividend or no dividend."

The condition of the market at present is such that an enlargement of the short interest, now already large, is only necessary to give stocks a rise. Such advances are usually followed by declines, but I have seen the longest and strongest bull markets started just in this way. The short interest held out too long, and before it was eliminated the outside public had mistaken the situation of affairs, and, believing that a boom was on, rushed in to buy; and when the outside public once begins to buy, a little manipulation will soon make the boom a thing of life and joy and beauty in the eyes of the bull speculator.

But even a large short interest will not always advance the market, and at present the condition of the money market is such that conservative men are trimming their sails in fear of a possible storm. The failure of Lewis Brothers' great dry-goods house, with enormous liabilities, came at a time when few expected it, and when it would have been, I am told, altogether unnecessary but for the timidity of the banks that declined to help the firm. It is charged, also, that the Boston shoe failure of Batcheller & Co. was due to the closeness of the money market, rendered close by the careful scrutiny of commercial paper by the banks; and yet what shall the banks do if not invest in commercial paper? One of the ablest bankers in this city said to me the other day: "We have no loans on any Trust securities, and we do not care to loan money on securities generally, when

we can find commercial paper on which to loan money. This bank has always sought commercial paper, and it has found that it is safer to make loans on commercial paper than on any other kind of security that could be offered, of course excepting such gilt-edged trifles as Government or State bonds."

One thing must be borne in mind: that in a dragging market the short interest is always cultivated and enlarged. If at such a time, after a protracted season of depression, with the bears rampant, hungry, and unsatisfied, money should continue easy, large crops should be insured with a first-class export demand for them, and if (and there are many "ifs" in this proposition) the railroads should have sufficient business to feel independent enough to advance rates and hold to them at remunerative figures, a boom of the old-fashioned kind, not only might, but positively would, speedily come to hand. The largest operators on Wall Street have been, I know, watching the short interest with lynx eyes for more than a month past. Mr. Gould himself has in his own mysterious way lent his influence to the bears and insidiously, by the manipulation of his own securities, encouraged them in creating a good, large outstanding shortage in stocks.

I have noticed, also, that certain newspapers, whose financial columns are more or less influenced by powerful operators on the street, or by powerful financiers in banking offices, have been picturing the darkest shadows as hovering over certain properties, among them the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé, Missouri Pacific, and Manhattan Elevated. A philosopher like myself takes notice of all these small signs and governs himself accordingly, but the speculator who cannot see further than the opposite side of Wall Street, and never hears anything except the echoes of the Board room, the whispers of his broker's office, or the sound of the ticker, cannot discern the signs of the future, and cannot catch the thunder in the distance. It is the prudent investor who has sense enough to flee away from the street, and after familiarizing himself with certain properties and studying the transactions in them, buys what he wants when stocks are offered for sale, and puts them safely out of sight. He is a wise man, and during the past twelve months, yea, during this good year of our Lord, 1889, this conservative investor has been making money, and not a little of it, while the speculator and the man who buys on a margin and who calls himself an investor, has had his financial cuticle very badly rasped.

There are good things in Wall Street to buy, but everything in the street is safer to leave alone. If one does want to speculate, and must venture in where angels fear to tread, let him at least have sense enough to dicker with a dividend-paying stock that will keep his interest account square, and give him some chance for his life if a squall on Wall Street breaks loose.

JASPER.

#### FACTS OF INTEREST.

THE Shah of Persia visited the Wild West show while in Paris, and was "highly pleased."

HEROIC-SIZED monumental statues of Grant, Sheridan, and Farragut are to be put up in Boston.

FIFTEEN States will this fall choose State officers. Ohio, Virginia, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Iowa, and Mississippi are to elect Governors. Ohio will also choose a Legislature that must designate Mr. Payne's successor in the United States Senate.

IN the old graveyard at Kittery, Me., there is among the many quaint inscriptions on the stones this one, relating to "Margaret Hills, consort of Oliver Hills, who died in 1803:

I lost my life in the raging seas  
A sov'reign God does as he please  
The Kittery friends they did appear  
& My remains they buried here.

AMONG recent deaths is that of Rev. John F. Devore, the pioneer Methodist preacher of the North-west, and one of the best known men in Washington Territory. A score or more of churches in Washington were built by his individual efforts. A circumstance that gained him more renown than any other one incident of his life is thus briefly told: In soliciting subscriptions for the First Methodist Church at Olympia he called upon a saw-mill owner. Looking at young Devore's new black suit and kid gloves, the mill man sarcastically said: "Yes, I'll give you all the lumber you can carry from my mill down to the wharf between sunup and sundown." Next morning at sunrise the young preacher, in blouse and overalls, was promptly on hand. He brought his dinner tied up in his handkerchief, and stopped less than ten minutes at noon to eat it. He picked out the cedar lumber, which was the lightest and most valuable. At sundown the astonished mill-owner found that the energetic young preacher had piled up at the water's edge enough lumber not only to build the church, which still stands as a monument to that day's work, but enough over to build a parsonage. He was seventy-two years of age at the time of his death.

#### DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

JULY 30TH.—At Titusville, Pa., Dr. W. B. Roberts, prominently identified with the development and history of the oil region, and the inventor of the torpedo used in blasting wells, aged 51; at Roxbury, Mass., George C. Leach, for many years connected with important business enterprises and private trusts, aged 52; at Marietta, O., Professor John Kendrick of Marietta College, aged 80; at Lockport, N. Y., Otto Stitzenstatter, a well-known musician and composer, aged 28; at Wheeling, W. V., Dr. W. H. Woolenly, President of Bellary College, July 31st.—In Edinburgh, Rev. Horace Bonar, in Brooklyn, Edmund Briggs, one of the oldest residents of the city, aged 81; at Isles of Shoals, N. H., ex-United States Senator Edward H. Rollins, aged 65; in Boston, Francis L. Capen, the well-known weather expert, aged 72; at Cheshire, Conn., Edward A. Cornwall, prominent in public affairs, aged 87; at Buffalo, Emil Wahle, a well-known musician and orchestra-leader, aged 45. AUGUST 1st.—In Germantown, Pa., William J. Clark, of the editorial staff of the Philadelphia Telegraph, aged 50; in Plainfield, N. J., William M. McCutchen, once prominent as a master-builder in New York, aged 87. AUGUST 2d.—In Washington, D. C., George H. Jameson, a popular newspaper man, aged 39; in Belfast, Ireland, Sir William Ewart, member of Parliament, August 3d.—In Philadelphia, Commodore W. E. Fitzhugh, United States Navy, aged 57. AUGUST 4th.—In Paris, Felix Pyat, the French writer and dramatist, aged 79; at Saratoga, N. Y., John Cruger Mills, one of the best and most favorably known insurance agents of New York, aged 63; in Springfield, Ill., Horace S. Leland, one of the well-known family of hotel proprietors, aged 54; at Sharon Springs, N. Y., Rev. Dr. George Zabriskie Gray, dean of the Protestant Episcopal School at Cambridge, Mass., aged 51. AUGUST 5th.—In New York, Isaac Phillips, well known in former years as a prominent politician, and more recently as a lawyer, aged 77; in Baltimore, Captain James H. Rigby, commander of the famous First Maryland Artillery in the Civil War; in Lewiston, Maine, Professor R. C. Stanley, of Bates College, aged 54; at Shackelford, Mo., Father Hamill, the pioneer priest of Missouri, aged 76.

#### PERSONAL.

THE President has appointed John R. C. Pitkin, of Louisiana, as United States Minister to the Argentine Republic.

WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE'S speech on the royal grants was caught by a phonograph and will go down to posterity just as he delivered it.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY has almost wholly recovered his health, but finds that he cannot do quite as much work as he could before his recent breakdown.

THE prize-fighter Sullivan, who was arrested in New York and taken to Mississippi on a requisition from Governor Lowry, expects to escape with a fine.

MRS. KENDALL, the famous English actress, is the youngest of twenty-two children, and comes of a family that has furnished seven generations to the stage.

GENERAL BOULANGER has issued a manifesto in which he attributes his defeat in the elections for the Councils-general to the ambitions of local candidates.

A CINCINNATI couple named respectively John Sweet and Millie Honey were married in that city recently. That honeymoon will doubtless be a protracted sweetness.

WHILE Thomas H. Blythe, of San Francisco, was alive there was not a chick or child who claimed relationship with him. Now there are 127 heirs registered in the courts. He left \$4,000,000.

THE German Government has sent a gunboat to the Marshall Islands for the purpose of bringing back to Samoa the deported King, Malletoa, and three chiefs who were taken there by the Germans two years ago.

AMONG recent appointments by the President is that of William T. Harris, of Massachusetts, to be Commissioner of Education. Professor Harris is a well-known educator, and succeeded Bronson Alcott as President of the Concord School of Philosophy.

PRESIDENT DIAS, during the four years of his administration in Mexico, has rendered substantial service to science by encouraging archaeological investigation and taking measures for the preservation of ancient monuments and historical remains.

THE Duke of Fife can never be quite at his ease with his wife's relations, as under no circumstances must he ever turn his back to any of them, not even to Princess Louise's sisters, with whom it is reasonable to suppose he enjoys a fair degree of intimacy.

EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND is said to have invented a new fly for trout fishing, which causes him more elation than any other event of his life except his election to the Presidency. Didn't his marriage to a charming woman count with him as a matter for felicitation?

FROUDE, the historian, has written a letter denying the truth of the reports that he had become a Home Ruler. He pronounces "Gladstone's policy only a spasmodic gush of sentiment suggested, as always, by some condition of English party politics. It is the worst and most scandalous in English history."

MADAME DIS DEBAR, the spook priestess, who came so prominently into public notice by her remarkable influence over Luther Marsh, the astute and rich lawyer, and who has since been overtaken by misfortune, has been placed in a Brooklyn convent by some of her friends who pity her broken-down condition.

JOHN TYLER, son of the dead ex-President, is gradually sinking. His entire body has been paralyzed for nearly a year, and he is finally giving way to the consequent inanition. When in health he was talented, witty, learned, and companionable. For several years past he has held a sinecure in the Treasury Department.

PHINEAS T. BARNUM'S activity and energy at this period of his life are surprising even to the people who know him best. He is now in the eightieth year of his age, was the editor of a paper sixty years ago, and is yet full of novel ideas. During his long career as a showman Barnum has always taken good care of his health.

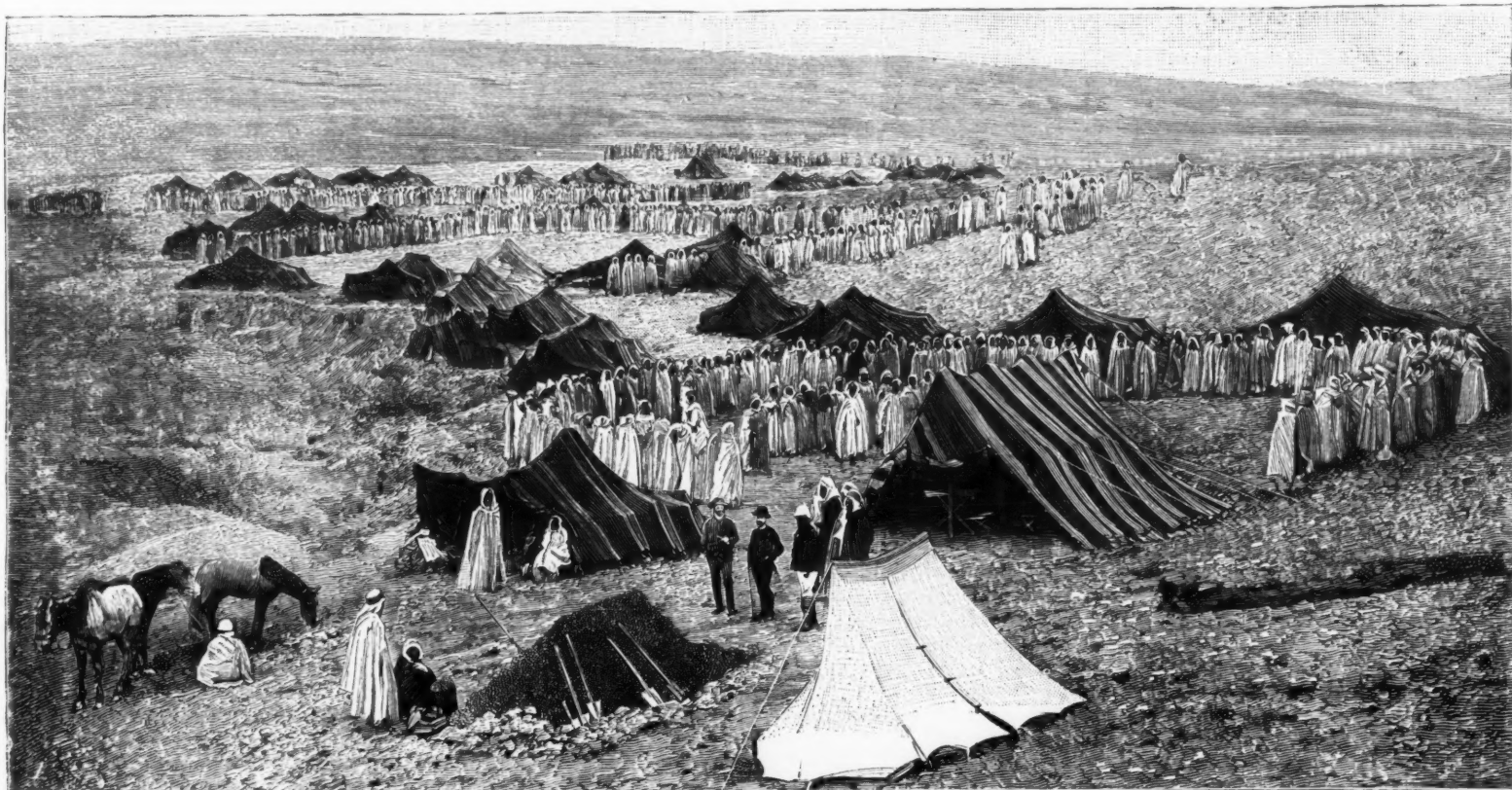
W. L. MURDOCH, the greatest of Australian cricket bats, has lately come into a considerable fortune through the death of his father-in-law, a leading Australian mining speculator, named Watson. When Murdoch was returning from his last tour in England Miss Watson was on the steamer and the pair eventually eloped, after Mr. Watson would not agree to their marriage. Mr. Murdoch is a solicitor in Melbourne.

THE Republicans of the Third Louisiana District have nominated Mr. Henry C. Minor for Congress. Mr. Minor is a native Louisianian, an ex-Confederate, and was a Democrat until about six years ago. He is a large sugar-planter, was a member of the Sugar Planters' Convention in 1883, and was one of the three delegates sent to Washington to try and protect the sugar interests from unfriendly legislation. Becoming convinced from his visit there that the Republican party alone offered sufficient protection, he joined it in the campaign of 1884 on the tariff issue.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, of Brooklyn, who has recently made a preaching tour of the West, seems to have been received with phenomenal enthusiasm. At Minneapolis a platoon of police was called out to keep order in the surging throng that surrounded the church in which he delivered his discourse. At St. Paul, at Duluth, and other places there were scenes of the same kind when he preached. He tried out-door preaching, and at Minneapolis 20,000 people got within range of his sermon, but other thousands had to leave the grounds because they were unable to hear his voice.

MR. MURAT HALSTEAD has returned from Europe in greatly improved health, and proposes to take a hand in the coming political canvass in Ohio. He says of the young German Emperor, whom he saw at Berlin: "The Germans, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding, regard him with respect and affection. The Empress is a very charming woman and is very popular. Together with their children, they make a very delightful group, which goes straight to the heart of their home-loving, family-rearing people." A public reception was given to Mr. Halstead by the Republican clubs of Cincinnati, at which great enthusiasm was displayed. He has been formally announced as a candidate for the Republican nomination for United States Senator.





1. ENCAMPMENT OF ARABS EMPLOYED TO COLLECT THE EGGS OF THE CRICKETS. 2. ARABS EMPTYING THE TRENCH IN WHICH THE CRICKETS ARE BURIED.  
3. MEASURING THE EGGS OF THE CRICKETS COLLECTED BY THE ARABS.

THE PLAGUE OF CRICKETS IN ALGERIA.—[SEE PAGE 30.]





NEW YORK CITY.—REV. CHARLES F. DEEMS, D.D.  
PHOTO BY CORWIN.—[SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 22.]

JOSEPH R. DUNLOP.

MR. JOSEPH R. DUNLOP, the new manager and editor-in-chief of the *Chicago Times*, was born July 24th, 1845, in Jamaica, West Indies. At the age of ten he removed to Canada, where he graduated from the Upper Canada College at Toronto. After doing some newspaper work on the *Globe* of that place, in 1865 he went to Chicago. He became a practical printer, and in 1871 took a position on the paper of which he is now the head, as proof-reader. The following year he joined the local staff as a reporter. In this field he soon achieved much fame. Through his efforts the Custom House frauds were unearthed, and every one connected with them, from the supervising architect down to yard-master, was indicted. This was soon followed by similar work on the County Building and Court House ring. Mr. Storey was soon attracted to the young reporter, and his relations with the great editor became very close, continuing until the latter's death. In 1882 Mr. Dunlop became city editor of the *Times*, and in 1883 he accepted the city editorship of the *Inter-Ocean*, holding the position for nearly four years.

During the litigation which followed Mr. Storey's death Mr. Dunlop kept a watchful supervision on Mrs. Storey's interests, and it was through his efforts that her rights were preserved and protected. It was through Mr. Dunlop that the recent management obtained possession of the *Times*, and it was also through him that J. J. West had to relinquish his management. One of Mr. Dunlop's recent achievements was the police exposures of last January, which shattered the police ring and compelled a complete reorganization. Mr. Dunlop was one of the charter members of the Chicago Press Club, and in 1885 was its president. He is the embodiment of clean and honest journalism.

ANOTHER CITY DESTROYED BY FIRE.

ANOTHER city in Washington Territory has practically been obliterated, the entire business portion of Spokane Falls having been destroyed by fire on the 4th inst. The burned district embraces an area of twenty-five blocks. It was solidly built up with brick and stone structures, the cost of which varied from \$25,000 to \$125,000. Ten banking-houses, five hotels, the opera-house, and many wholesale establishments doing a business estimated at \$500,000 each, were situated within the district described. The fire originated in a lodging-house in the early evening, and spread with such rapidity as to defy all control, a strong wind helping to sweep the flames from street to street. The total loss is estimated at from \$8,000,000 to \$14,000,000.

The town which has suffered this great disaster had in 1883 a population of only 800, but its growth has been rapid in the last year or two, and it now boasts of cable and electric street-railways, ten bridges, and a water supply from the Spokane River of 12,000,000 gallons daily. During last year \$2,000,000 has been expended on new buildings, and some idea of the amount of business done may be gathered from the fact that the Northern Pacific's estimate of the year's freight charges at Spokane Falls reaches over \$2,000,000.

The principal business section of the city was south of the river, where the ground rose gradually for three-quarters of a mile to a line of bluffs. Along the river were flour, woolen, and other mills, employing many hundreds of hands. Great sums of money had been spent in public improvements by the city.

Notwithstanding the extent of the calamity, the people wear a cheerful air and bear their losses bravely. Many business men have already signified their intention to rebuild.

EMPEROR WILLIAM'S VISIT TO ENGLAND.

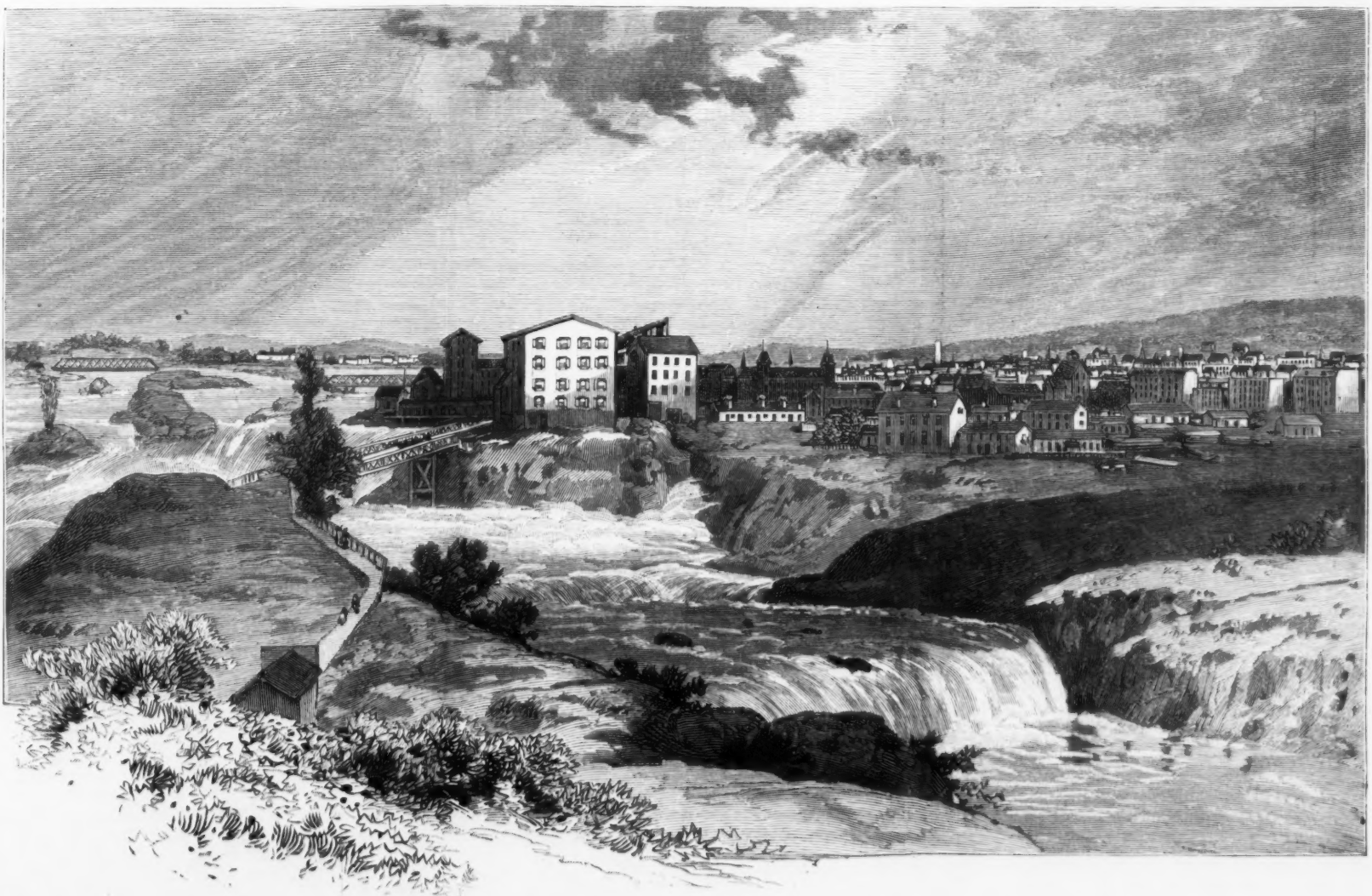
THE Emperor William's recent visit to England was an occasion of extraordinary interest to the English people. The Emperor's reception by Queen Victoria, his grandmother, and the

royal family was very cordial. The naval display at Portsmouth on the arrival of the distinguished visitor is described as magnificent; an enormous flotilla of craft, consisting of war-ships and private vessels, covered the harbor, while the shore was densely crowded with people. The fleet comprised 112 vessels, and was larger and far more imposing even than that which assembled on the occasion of the great jubilee review of 1887. With the exception of the *Benbow*, which is now attached to the Mediterranean Squadron, all the ships of the admiral class were present, as were all but one of the belted cruisers. The latter are all ships of the newest type in their respective classes, and among other ships of great power and efficiency which were present were the *Warspite*, the *Forl*, the *Thames*, the *Mersey*, the *Melpomene*, the *Marathon*, the *Media*, the *Magicienne*, and the *Medusa*, all new and fast cruisers of different classes and armaments, together with several torpedo gun-vessels. Besides these were the ships of the Channel Squadron, of the Reserve Squadron, and of the Training Squadron, together with a large number of specially mobilized ships, including the *Inflexible*, the *Conqueror*, the *Hero*, the *Northampton*, the *Iris*, the *Mercury*, the *Arethusa*, and a selection of coast-defense ironclads and gunboats, with the *Hecla* torpedo depot-ship and thirty-eight torpedo-boats.

The number of officers and men employed aggregated 22,000, and the offensive capacity of the fleet thus gathered together was absolutely unprecedented and almost incalculable. It probably caused the young Emperor to put on his thinking-cap.



ILLINOIS.—JOSEPH R. DUNLOP, THE NEW EDITOR OF THE CHICAGO "TIMES."  
PHOTO BY MAX PLATZ.



WASHINGTON TERRITORY.—VIEW OF THE TOWN OF SPOKANE FALLS, RECENTLY DESTROYED BY FIRE.



## PARISIAN SALESWOMEN.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Christian Register* writes: "The shop strata, on which so much of Paris rests, are to me very interesting. The lettered class affect to despise the small *bourgeoisie*. But the shop people are as well worth studying as any in Paris. The capable, alert women of affairs, who form a life partnership with their husbands, and who do their full share of the work, have good strong faces, the best I have seen here. Where the shopwoman is young, she often has a charming modesty of demeanor. But the *propriétaire* does not like to have her goods handled and left. If you look without buying you may receive a sarcastic rebuke, such as an English or American shopwoman would not dare to administer. This is due to the fact that she owns the concern, and is not responsible to a 'boss.' Of course I am speaking of the little shops, not the great ones, like the *Magasin de Louvre* and the *Bon Marché*.

"A Parisian shopwoman's fingers have a witchery and magic peculiar to themselves. They can tie a bow, fit a glove, or twist a curl with an irresistible charm; and yet the Parisienne, in the shop or out of it, is hardly ever beautiful, nor can I see that she dresses better than the women of other nations. One cannot study the middle-class Frenchwoman on her native heath—the shop—without perceiving how largely the material prosperity of France is in her hands.

"The French business woman physically is far superior to the men of the same class. She seems to have overcome many of the weaknesses of her sex, and to suffer little from the false shame and foolish ambition of women of her class in other countries. She takes a pride in her own walk of life gratifying to see, and behind the ledger of the 'bureau' feels herself a little queen."

## A NEW MASTIC.

A NEW mastic, the discovery of a French engineer, is now not only largely employed in France, but is exported in considerable quantities, especially to Eastern countries. The product, which, it is asserted, is practically indestructible, is composed of linseed-oil, mixed with ninety-three parts of powdered brick and seven parts of litharge, the brick and the litharge being pulverized separately, then well mixed and reduced to a paste by means of the oil. The object to which the mastic has to be applied should first be dampened with a sponge. After application, in say about three or four days, the coating becomes perfectly hard, and will effectually prevent the filtration of water in terraces, basins, and masonry in general.

## POLITICAL ACTIVITY IN ALABAMA.

THE Birmingham *Age-Herald*, a Democratic paper, says: "It looks now as if the next twelve months would witness the dawn of a new era in Alabama politics. The forces are already organizing, and the several classes of the people who have ill to cure and complaints to remedy are getting together. The Farmers' Alliance, said to be 100,000 strong, are pulling together as one man, and new alliances are organizing every day for the purpose of helping each other to solve the various problems which relate to the welfare of the planting interest. These farmers represent the largest property interest in the State, they constitute a large majority of the people, they are more largely affected by State legislation than any other class in the State, and, judging from the signs of the times, they are going to take a hand in the politics of the State. The Knights of Labor, another large and growing class in this section of Alabama, is also moving and proposing to take a hand in the coming campaign. Free labor is restive at being thrown in competition in the same ming with the criminal class, and justly so. The honest toiler, the citizen of the State who earns his living by the sweat of his brow, should not be forced to work side by side with the criminal of the State that the State may make money."

## USES OF THE PHONOGRAPH.

THE phonograph seems destined to play an important part in the future, and it is being utilized in all sorts of ways, both "useful and ornamental." If half of what the inventors claim for it comes true, the children of the near future are going to have some wonderful toys. Inventors are now at work on a long list of nursery wonders, in all of which the new mechanism is to be the main feature. The phonographic doll will talk, laugh, cry, and sing like a human being. Noah's ark will contain a drove of neighing, braying, lowing, barking, mewling, hissing, cackling creatures that will rival a menagerie. The song-notes of fine singing birds have been preserved on metal slips and the results combined, so that one may have a papier-mache canary which will require no attention and will sing with many times the volume, and at many times the length, of any bird that ever lived. Mothers, too, have the promise of a phonographic cradle, at the head of which the wonderful mechanism is placed that will sing sweet lullabies by the hour to the fretful infant, soothing it and its tired parent to sleep at the same time.

"A PHILOSOPHER in Love and in Uniform," by the authors of "Napoleon Smith" (New York: The Judge Publishing Company, paper, 25 cents), is a story of some elements of power. The scene is laid in Middle Tennessee in the Civil War. The hero is a "theosophist," who exhibits casually some strange tokens of his power, and remains for seven years after his supposed death in a trance. He then is revived only long enough to tell of the failure and delusion of his cherished search after truth, and that Jesus the Christ is the light of the world.—*Public Opinion*, Washington.

"A PHILOSOPHER in Love and in Uniform," by the authors of "Napoleon Smith," is a weird story of love, war, and occult philosophy. The scene is laid in Tennessee, during the War of the Rebellion, and the hero is a private soldier in Rosecrans's army. He is likewise a sort of American Zoroaster, an adept in the mystical lore of the East, and capable of giving Doctor Tanner some points on dying and coming to life again. The scenes of army life are faithfully drawn, evidently by one who has "been there," and the description of the battle of Chickamauga, though brief, is very vivid. It is a romantic and fascinating story, and the *dénouement* will be rather a surprise to the reader. It bears the imprint of the Judge Publishing Company, New York.—*Syracuse Herald*.

## FIVE HARVEST EXCURSIONS.

THE Burlington Route, C. & Q. R. R., will sell, on Tuesdays, August 6th and 20th, September 10th and 24th, and October 8th, Harvest Excursion Tickets at *Half Rates* to points in the Farming Regions of the West, South-west, and North-west. Limit, thirty days. For circular giving details concerning tickets, rates, time of trains, etc., and for descriptive hand folder, call on your ticket-agent, or address P. S. EUSTIS, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

THE splendid equipment for the Erie's New York and Chicago Limited, built by Pullman Co., is now in complete operation. These trains consist of composite, day passenger, sleeping-cars, and dining-cars, the entire train being vestibuled, and the entire train, including dining-car, being run through all the way between New York and Chicago.

Peculiarities which will be greatly appreciated have been introduced, such as separate toilet-rooms for ladies in the day passenger coaches, and smoking compartments in the same for gents. The composite car has, of course, the baggage-room and the smoking-room; but these are not all. There is a large passenger apartment distinct and apart from the smoking-room, and in which second-class travelers may ride, free from annoyance from tobacco smoke. These trains are limited only in the capacity, no extra charge of any kind for passage. These trains leave New York for Chicago at 3 P. M. daily, and leave Chicago for New York at 10:15 A. M. daily.

## ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS.

ANYTHING that serves to recall a maxim works reciprocally. The maxim is all the more a maxim, and the thing itself receives that much indorsement. Now, for more than purposes of illustration we get as close to the above as is possible.

Our purpose is to impress you with the value of Compound Oxygen, and, naturally, after what we have just said, our manner of procedure must be that our patients in the past and present are our indorsements. Here you have it; and concerning the following we may quote, "For they themselves have said it."

"I am pleased to report a continued improvement both in myself and wife. May you live long to bless suffering humanity with your Compound Oxygen."

"REV. W. W. GRAHAM."  
"GASTONIA, GASTON CO., N. C., May 25, 1888."  
"I sincerely believe that had it not been for the Compound Oxygen I would have been in my grave before this time."

"W. D. HANNA."  
"REISTERTOWN, MD., Feb. 29, 1888."  
"Two doctors of Baltimore examined me, and said mine was a hopeless case of asthma. Now almost two years after using only one treatment, I think I can truthfully say my health is as perfect as it can be on earth."

"MRS. MARY R. IRELAND."  
"PORTAGE, WIS., Jan. 20, 1888."  
"My wife has been taking your Compound Oxygen for over two years for consumption, and has derived much benefit from its use. In fact, I think she would have died long ago but for it."

"H. D. JAMES."  
We publish a brochure of 200 pages regarding the effect of Compound Oxygen on invalids suffering from consumption, asthma, bronchitis, dyspepsia, catarrh, hay fever, headache, debility, rheumatism, neuralgia; all chronic and nervous disorders. It will be sent, free of charge, to any one addressing DR. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.; or 120 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.

## BERTON "SEC" CHAMPAGNE.

One dozen bottles, \$30. Two dozen 1/2 bottles, \$32.

LADIES never have any dyspepsia after a wineglass of Angostura Bitters. Sold everywhere.

## ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

Twenty-five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

## STAR SPRING WATER.

THIS water has been before the public for over forty years, and its sale has steadily increased, which is of itself a sufficient guarantee of its excellent qualities. It is well known to all druggists who have used this water that it charges cleaner and takes gas more easily than any other mineral water on draught, and keeps for any length of time perfectly natural, and its flavor is in no way impaired by having been bottled or barreled for a long time, and it was never known to smell or become offensive to taste by keeping, but charges perfectly clear and fresh after having been kept in a barrel for many months, which is not the case with many other waters sold in barrels.

FROM REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

"SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y., Aug. 15, 1887."  
"After eighteen years of constant experience in the use of Saratoga waters, I do not hesitate to give my preference to the Saratoga Star Spring as the most active and beneficial cathartic I have ever found here. 'It works like a charm.' I keep a supply of it at my own home, and when my system becomes disordered, and my liver grows sluggish in its action, a bottle or two of this capital water restores me without the use of any other remedy. May yours be the 'Star' that never sets." Faithfully yours, THEO. L. CUYLER.

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MEDICATED TOILET SOAP

The Most Exquisite Skin Purifier and  
Beautifier of Modern Times

PRODUCES THE SOFTEST, WHITEST HANDS, FREE FROM REDNESS, ROUGHNESS, Chaps, and Fissures, Shapeless Nails and Painful Finger Ends, clears the complexion of Pimples, Blackheads, and minor Skin Blemishes, lessens Tan, Freckles, and Discolorations, and prevents Irritation and Inflammation of the Skin and Scalp of Children and Infants. Absolutely pure, delicately medicated, exquisitely perfumed, surprisingly effective, it is simply incomparable as a Skin Purifying Soap, unequalled for the Toilet, and unrivalled for the Nursery. Guaranteed of the highest purity by the Analytical Chemists of the State of Massachusetts. Sale greater than the combined sales of all other skin soaps, both foreign and domestic. Sold throughout the civilized world.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, 200 diseases of the Skin, Scalp, and Blood, and 50 Remarkable Testimonials. Address Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston, U. S. A.

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IS not only a distressing complaint, of itself, but, by causing the blood to become depraved and the system enfeebled, is the parent of innumerable maladies. That Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best cure for Indigestion, even when complicated with Liver Complaint, is proved by the following testimony from Mrs. Joseph Lake, of Brockway Centre, Mich.:—

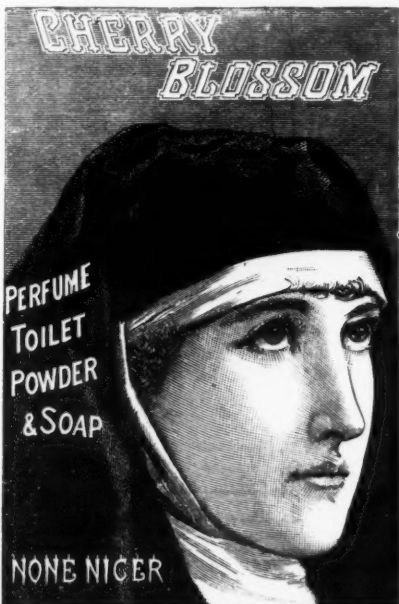
"Liver complaint and indigestion made my life a burden and came near ending my existence. For more than four years I suffered untold agony, was reduced almost to a skeleton, and hardly had strength to drag myself about. All kinds of food distressed me, and only the most delicate could be digested at all. Within the time mentioned several physicians treated me without giving relief. Nothing that I took seemed to do any permanent good until I commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which has produced wonderful results. Soon after commencing to take the Sarsaparilla I could see an improvement in my condition. My appetite began to return and with it came the ability to digest all the food taken, my strength improved each day, and after a few months of faithful attention to your directions, I found myself a well woman, able to attend to all household duties. The medicine has given me a new lease of life."

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**NEW TOILET ARTICLE**  
For removing all Tartar, Stains and Scum from the Teeth, thus completely arresting the progress of decay. For whitening and polishing the Teeth it has no equal. Positive in effect, safe and convenient. Sent by mail on receipt of price, 25 cents. Money refunded if not entirely satisfactory. Agents wanted. Ladies and gentlemen. H. L. FESLER & CO., MANUFACTURERS & PROPRIETORS, 464 Broome Street, New York.



In the High Court of Justice.—Gosnell v. Durrant.—On Jan. 28, 1887, Mr. Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from infringing Messrs. John Gosnell & Co.'s Registered Trade Mark CHERRY BLOSSOM.

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P. S.—Use Woodbury's Facial Soap for the skin and scalp for sale at all druggists, or by mail, 50 cents.

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**\$3.75 A DAY** And steady work right at home for any man or lady. Write at once. Franklin Co., Richmond, Va.

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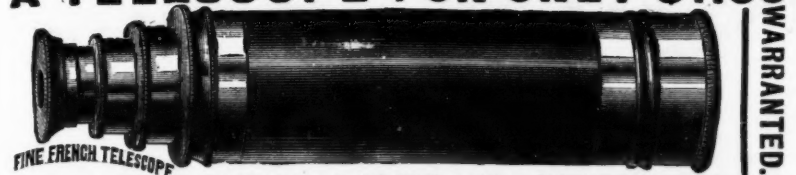
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